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A SCOTS GRAMMAR SCHOOL

By Ian Maclaren

Number One

Pictures by

Charlotte Harding

"SPIUG"*

MUIRTOWN SEMINARY was an imposing building of the classical order, of which the town was exceedingly proud, facing the north meadow of Muirtown, and commanding from its upper windows a fine view of the river Tay running rapidly and cleanly upon its gravel bed. Behind the front building was the paved playground where the boys played casual games in the breaks of five minutes between the hours of study, and this playground had an entrance from a narrow back street along which, in snow time, a detachment of the enemy might steal any hour and take us with disastrous surprise.

There were those who wished that we had been completely walled up at the back, for then we had met the attack at a greater advantage from the front. But the braver souls of our commonwealth considered that this back way, affording opportunity for ambushes, sallies, subtle tactics and endless vicissitudes, lent a peculiar flavor to the war which was waged the whole winter through and most of the summer, and brought it nearer to the condition of Red Indian fighting, which was our favorite reading and our example of heroism.

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Again and again we studied the adventures of Bill Biddon, the Indian spy, not only on account of his hairbreadth escapes when he eluded the Indians after a miraculous fashion, and detected the presence of the red varmint by the turning of a leaf on the ground, but also in order to find out new methods of deceit by which we could allure our Indians into narrow places, or daring methods of attack by which we could successfully outflank them on the broader street and drive them into their own retreats with public ignominy.

Within the building the glory of the Seminary was a massive stone stair, circular in shape, and having a "well" surrounded on the ground floor by a wall some three feet high. Down this stair the masters descended at nine o'clock for the opening of the school, with Bulldog, who was the mathematical master and the awful pride of the school, at their head, and it was strictly forbidden that any boy should be found within the "well."

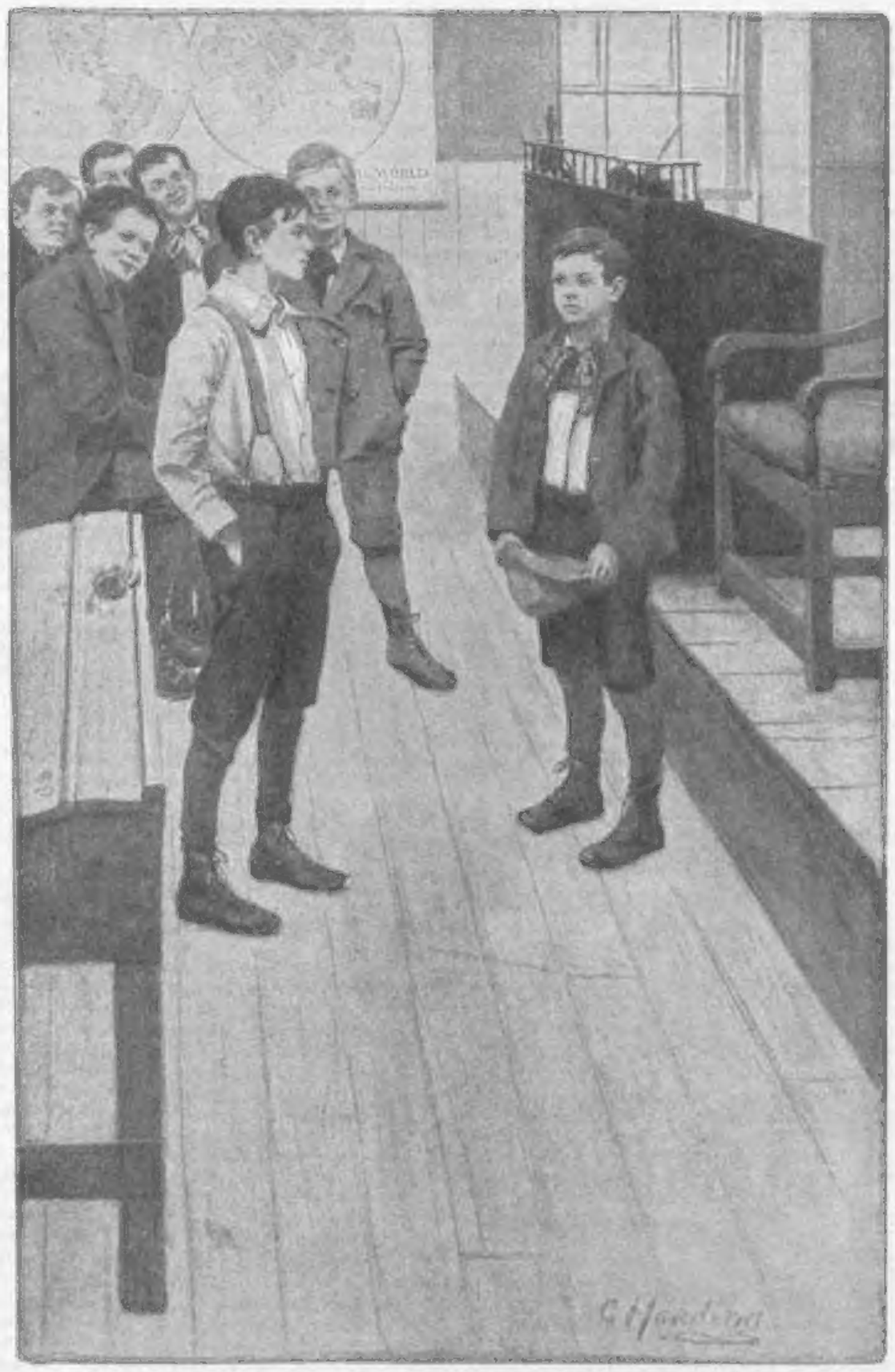
As it was the most tempting of places for the deposit of anything in the shape of rubbish, from Highland bonnets to little boys, and especially as any boy found in the "well" was sure to be caned, there was an obvious and irresistible opportunity for enterprise.

Peter MacGuffie, commonly called the Sparrow, or, in Scotch tongue, "Spiug," and one of the two heads of our commonwealth, used to wait till Bulldog was half way down, and a row of boys were standing in expectation with their backs to the forbidden place.

Then, passing swiftly along, he swept off half a dozen caps and threw them over, and suddenly seizing a tempting urchin landed him on the bed of caps which had been duly prepared. Without turning his head one-eighth of an inch, far less condescending to look over, Bulldog as he passed made a mental note of the prisoner's name, and identified the various bonnetless boys, and then, dividing his duty over the hours of the day, attended to each culprit separately and carefully.

If any person, from the standpoint of this modern and philanthropic day, should ask why some innocent victim did not state his case and lay the blame upon the guilty, then it is enough to say that that person had never been a scholar at Muirtown Seminary, and has not the slightest knowledge of the character and methods of Peter MacGuffie.

Had any boy of our time given information to a master, or, as in the Scotch tongue again, had "clyped," he would have had the coldest reception at the hands of Bulldog, and when his conduct was known to the school he might be assured of such constant and ingenious attention at the hands of the



"WHAT BUSINESS HAVE YOU HERE, YE SON O' A HORSE-COUPER?" WAS THE ENCOURAGING SALUTATION OFFERED BY A SOLICITOR'S SON TO THE STUMPY LITTLE FIGURE BEREFT OF ITS FATHER AND LEFT TO FIGHT ITS BATTLES ALONE. "MAIR BUSINESS THAN YOU, SPINDLESHANKS, YE SON O' A THIEVIN' LAWYER"

Sparrow that he would have been ready to drown himself in the Tay rather than continue his studies at Muirtown Seminary.

The Sparrow's father was the leading horse-dealer of the Scots' Midlands, and a sporting man of established repute, a short, thick-set, red-faced, loud-voiced, clean-shaven man, with hair cut close to his head, whose calves and whose manner were the secret admiration of Muirtown.

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Quiet citizens of irreproachable respectability and religious orthodoxy regarded him with a pride which they would never confess—not because they would have spoken or acted as he did for a King's ransom, and not because they would have liked to stand in his shoes when he came to die—considering, as they did, that the future of a horse-dealer and an owner of racing horses was dark in the extreme—but because he was a perfect specimen of his kind, and had made the town of Muirtown to be known far and wide in sporting circles.

Bailie MacCallum, for instance, could have no dealings with MacGuffie senior, and would have been scandalized had he attended the Bailie's kirk; but, sitting in his shop and watching Muirtown life as it passed, the Bailie used to chuckle after an appreciative fashion at the sight of MacGuffie, and to meditate with much inward satisfaction on stories of MacGuffie's exploits—how he had encountered Southern horse-dealers and sent them home humbled with defeat, and had won hopeless races over the length and breadth of the land.

"It's an awfu' trade," MacCallum used to remark, "and MacGuffie is no' the man for an elder; but sall, nacbody ever got the better o' him at a bargain."

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Among the lads of the Seminary he was a local hero, and on their way home from school they loitered to study him, standing in the gateway of his stables, straddling his legs, chewing a straw, and shouting his views on the Muirtown races to friends at the distance of half a street. When he was in good humor he would nod to the lads and wink to them with such acuteness and drollery that they attempted to perform the same feat all the way home and were filled with despair.

It did not matter that we were fed, by careful parents, with books containing the history of good men who began life with two shillings and eleven pence, and died leaving a quarter of a million, made by selling soft goods and attending church, and other books relating pathetic anecdotes of boys who died young and, before they died, delighted society with observations on the shortness of life of the most edifying character. We had rather been a horse-dealer and kept a stable.

Most of us regarded MacGuffie senior as a model of all the virtues that were worthy of a boy's imitation, and his son with undisguised envy, because he had a father of such undeniable notoriety, because he had the run of the stables, because he was on terms of easy familiarity with his father's

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grooms, and because he was encouraged to do those things which we were not allowed to do, and never exhorted to do those things which he hated to do.

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All the good advice we ever got, and all the examples of those two excellent young gentlemen, the sons of the Rev. Dr. Dowbiggin, were blown to the winds when we saw the Sparrow pass, sitting in the high dogcart beside his father, while that talented man was showing off to Muirtown a newly broken horse. The Sparrow's position on that seat of unique dignity was more than human, and none of us would have dared to recognize him, but it is only just to add that Peter was quite unspoiled by his privileges, and would wink to his humble friends upon the street after his most roguish fashion and with a skill which proved him his father's son. Social pride and the love of exclusive society was not a failing either of Mr. MacGuffie senior or of his hopeful son. Both were willing to fight any person of their own size (or, indeed, much bigger), as well as to bargain with anybody, and at any time, on anything, from horses to marbles.

Mrs. MacGuffie had been long dead, and during her lifetime was a woman of decided character, whom the grooms regarded with more terror than they did her husband, and whom her husband himself treated with great respect, a respect which grew deeper when he was returning from a distant horse-race and was detained, by professional duties, to a late hour in the evening.

As her afflicted husband refused to marry again, in decided terms, Peter, their only child, had been brought up from an early age among grooms and other people devoted to the care and study of horses. In this school he received an education which was, perhaps, more practical and varied than it was finished and polite. It was not to be wondered, therefore, that his manners were simple and unaffected, and that he was never the prey either of timidity or of modesty. Although a motherless lad, he was never helpless, and from the first was able to hold his own and to make his hands keep his head.

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His motherless condition excited the compassion of respectable matrons, but their efforts to tend him in his loneliness were not always successful, nor even were appreciated to the full by the young MacGuffie. When Mrs. Dowbiggin, who had a deep interest in what was called the work among children, and who got her cabs from MacGuffie's stable, took pity on Peter's lonely childhood, and invited him to play with her boys, who were a head taller and paragons of excellence, the result was unfortunate, and afforded Mrs. Dowbiggin the text for many an exhortation.

Peter was brought back to the parental mansion by Doctor Dowbiggin's beadle within an hour, and received a cordial welcome from a congregation of grooms, to whom he related his experiences at the Manse with much detail and agreeable humor. During the brief space at his disposal he had put every toy of the young Dowbiggins in a thorough state of repair, and had blacked their innocent faces with burnt cork so that their mother did not recognize her children. He had also taught them a negro melody of a very taking description, and had reinforced their vocabulary with the very cream of the stable. From that day Mrs. Dowbiggin warned the mothers of Muirtown against allowing their boys to associate with the Sparrow, and the Sparrow could never see her pass on the street without an expression of open delight.

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When Mr. MacGuffie senior brought his son, being then ten years old, to the Seminary for admittance, it was a chance that he was not refused and that we did not miss our future champion. Mr. MacGuffie's profession and reputation were a stumbling-block to the rector, who was a man of austere countenance and strict habits of life, and Peter himself was a very odd-looking piece of humanity and had already established his own record. He was undersized and of exceptional breadth, almost flat in countenance, and with beady black eyes which on occasion lit up his face as when one illuminates the front of a house, but the occasions were rarely those which would commend themselves to the headmaster of a public school.

How the dealer in horses removed the rector's difficulties was never accurately known, but boys passing the door of the rector's retiring-room when he was closeted with Mr. MacGuffie overheard scraps of the conversation, and Muirtown was able to understand the situation. It was understood that in a conflict of words the rector, an absent-minded scholar of shrinking manner, was not likely to come off best, and it is certain that the head of the school ever afterward referred to Mr. MacGuffie as "a man of great resolution of character and endowed with the gift of forcible speech."

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As regards the son, his affectionate father gave him some brief directions before leaving, and in the presence of his fellow-scholars, of which this only was overheard, and seemed, indeed, to be the sum and substance: "Never give in, ye de'il's buckie." With these inspiriting words Mr. MacGuffie senior departed through the front door amid a hush of admiration, leaving Peter to his fate not far from that "well" which was to be the scene of many of his future waggeries.

With the progress of civilization school life in Scotland has taken on a high degree of refinement, and rumor has it—but what will people not say?—that a new boy will come in a cab to the Seminary and will receive a respectful welcome from the generation following Peter, and that the whole school will devote itself to his comfort for days—showing him where to hang his cap, initiating him into games, assisting him with his lessons, and treating his feelings with delicate respect. It has been my own proud satisfaction, as a relic of a former barbarian age, to read the rules which are now printed in black letters with red capitals and hung in the rooms of Muirtown Seminary. My feelings will not allow me to give them all, but the following have moved me almost to tears:

"RULE 1.—That every boy attending this school is expected to behave himself in speech and deed as a gentleman.

"RULE 2.—That any one writing upon a wall, or in any way marking the school furniture, will be considered to have committed an offense, and will be punished.

"RULE 3.—That every boy is exhorted to treat every other with courtesy, and any one guilty of rudeness to a fellow-scholar is to be reported to the head master.

"RULE 4.—That it is expected of every boy to cultivate neatness of appearance, and especially to see that his clothes, collars, cuffs, and other articles of clothing be not soiled."

These admirable rules suggest a new atmosphere and one very different from that in which we passed our stormy youth, for no sentiment of this kind softened life in earlier days or affected our Spartan simplicity. The very sight of a newcomer in a speckless suit, with an irreproachable tie and both tails on his Glengarry bonnet, excited a profound emotion in the school and carried it beyond self-control. What could be expected of a fellow so bedecked and preserved as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox or a tailor's shop? Left alone in his pride and perfection—the very beginning of a Pharisee—he would only go from bad to worse and come at last to a sad end.

We hardly claimed to be philanthropists, but we did feel it was our duty to rescue this lad. It might be, of course, that we could not save him, but he ought at least to have a chance, and the Sparrow had a quite peculiar satisfaction in at once removing the two offensive tails by one vigorous pull, while the rumpling of a collar was a work of missionary zeal. No system of philanthropy is successful with all cases, and we had our failures, which we think about unto this day, and which have only justified our sad predictions.

Boys like the two Dowbiggins never improved, and were at last given up in despair even by the Sparrow, their tails being renewed day by day and their faces remaining in all circumstances quite unmoved; but within a month the average boy had laid aside the last remnant of conventionality, and was only outdone by Peter himself in studied negligence of attire.

Peter's own course of discipline was sharp, but it did not last long, for certain practical reasons.

"What business have you here, ye son o' a horse-couper?" was the encouraging salutation offered by a solicitor's son to the stumpy little figure bereft of its father and left to fight its battles alone.

"Mair business than you, spindleshanks, ye son o' a thievin' lawyer," and although Peter was four years younger and small for his age, he showed that he had not learned boxing from his father's grooms without profit, and his opponent attended no more classes that day.

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This encounter excited the deepest interest and revived the whole life of the school. One lad after another experimented on Peter and made as much of it as drawing a badger. He was often hurt, but he never uttered any cry. He gave rather more than he got, and lads going home in the afternoon could see him giving an account of the studies of the day to an admiring audience in the stable yard. By and by he was left severely alone, and for the impudence of him, and his courage, and his endurance, and his general cockiness, and his extraordinary ingenuity in mischief, he was called "Spiug," which is Scotch for a sparrow, and absolutely expressed the admiration of the school.

It would be brazen falsehood to say that Peter was a scholar, or, indeed, gave any voluntary attention to the course of learning laid down by the authorities of Muirtown Seminary. He sat unashamed at the foot of every class, maintaining a certain impenetrable front when a question came his length, and with the instinct of a chieftain never risking his position in the school by exposing himself to contempt.

—on their way home from school they loitered to study him, standing in the gateway of his stables, straddling his legs

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When Thomas John Dowbiggin was distinguishing himself after an unholy fashion by translating Cæsar into English like unto Macaulay's History, Spiug used to watch him with keen interest, and employ his leisure time in arranging some little surprise to enliven the even tenor of Thomas John's life.

So curious a being, however, is a boy, and so inconsistent, that as often as Duncan Robertson answered more promptly than Thomas John, and obtained the first place, Spiug's face lit up with unaffected delight, and he has been known to smack his lips audibly. When the rector's back was turned he would convey his satisfaction over Thomas John's discomfiture with such delightful pantomime that the united class did him homage, and even Thomas John was shaken out of his equanimity; but then Duncan Robertson's father was Colonel of a Highland regiment, and Duncan himself was a royal fighter, and had not in his Highland body the faintest trace of a prig, while Thomas John's face was a standing reproof of everything that was said and done outside of lesson time in Muirtown school.

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Peter, however, had his own genius, and for captivating adventures none was to be compared with him.

Was it not Spiug who floated down the tunnel through which a swift running stream of clear water reached the Tay, and allured six others to follow him, none of whom, happily, were drowned? and did not the whole school, with the exception of the Dowbiggins, await his exit at the black mouth of the tunnel and reward his success with a cheer?

Was it not Spiug, with Duncan Robertson's military assistance, who constructed a large earthwork in a pit at the top of the meadow, which was called the Redan and blown up with gunpowder one Saturday afternoon, seven boys being temporarily buried beneath the ruins, and Peter himself losing both eyebrows?

And when an old lady living next the school laid a vicious complaint against the Sparrow and some other genial spirits for having broken one of her windows in a snowball fight, he made no sign and uttered no threat, but in the following autumn he was in a position to afford a ripe pear to each boy in the four upper forms—except the Dowbiggins, who declined politely—and to distribute a handful for a scramble among the little boys.

There was much curiosity about the source of Peter's generosity, and it certainly was remarkable that the pear was of the same kind as the old lady cultivated with much pride, and that her fruit was gathered for her in the course of one dark night. Spiug was capable of anything except telling a lie. He could swim the Tay at its broadest and almost at its swiftest, could ride any horse in his father's stable, could climb any tree in the meadows, and hold his own in every game, from marbles and "catch the keggie," a game based on smuggling, to football, where he was a very dangerous forward, and cricket, where his bowling was fearsome for its force and directness. There was nothing he could not do with his hands, and no one whom he was not ready to face. The Spiug was a very vigorous barbarian indeed, and the exact type of a turbulent Lowland Scot, without whom the Seminary had missed its life and color, and who by sheer force of courage and strength asserted himself as our chief Captain.

After many years have passed, the Sparrow stands out a figure of size and reality from among the Dowbiggins and other poor shadows. Thomas John, no doubt, carried off medals, prizes, certificates of merit, and everything else which could be obtained in Muirtown Seminary by a lad who played no games and swatted all evening at next day's work.

The town was weary of seeing Thomas John and his brother—each wearing the same smug expression, and each in faultlessly neat attire—processioning up in turn to receive their honors from the hands of the Lord Provost, and the town would cheer with enthusiasm when Duncan Robertson made an occasional appearance, being glad to escape from the oppression of the Dowbiggin régime. Nor was the town altogether wrong in refusing to appreciate the Dowbiggins at their own value, and refusing to believe that the strength of the country was after their fashion.

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When Thomas John reached the University he did not altogether fulfill the expectations of his family, and by the time he reached the pulpit no one could endure his unredeemed dullness. When last I heard of him he was secretary to a blameless society which has for its object the discovery of the lost Ten Tribes, and it occurs to me that it would have been a good thing for Thomas John to have been blown up in the destruction of the Redan: he might have become a man.

After the Seminary had done its best for the Sparrow he retired upon his laurels and went to assist his father in the business of horse-dealing, to which he brought an invincible courage and a large experience in bargaining.

For years his old fellow-scholars saw him breaking in young horses on the roads around Muirtown, and he covered himself with glory in a steeplechase open to all the riders of Scotland. When Mr. MacGuffie senior was killed by an Irish mare, Peter sold the establishment and went into foreign parts in search of adventure, reappearing at intervals of five years from Australia, Texas, the Platte, Cape of Good Hope, assured and reckless as ever, but always straightforward, masterful, open-handed and gallant.

His exploits are over now, and all England read his last, how he sent on in safety a settler's household through a narrow pass in Matabele Land, and with a handful of troopers held the savages in check until pursuit was in vain.

"From the account of the prisoners we learn," wrote the war correspondent, "that Captain MacGuffie, of the Volunteer Horse, fought on after his men had been all killed and his last cartridge fired. With his back to a rock in a narrow place he defended himself with such skill and courage that the Matabele declared him the best fighting man they had ever met, and he was found with a mound of dead at his feet."

Only last week two Seminary men were reading that account together and recalling Peter, and such is the inherent wickedness of human nature, that the death (from apoplexy) of Thomas John Dowbiggin would have been much less lamented.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of a series of four stories under the general title, A Scots Grammar School, which Ian Maclaren has written for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. The second, Bull-dog, will appear in the issue of July 1.

"That is just how Spiug would have liked to die, for he dearly loved a fight, and knew not fear."

They revived the ancient memories of Peter's boyhood, and read the dispatch of the commanding officer, with his reference to the gallant service of Captain MacGuffie, and then they looked at Peter's likeness in the illustrated papers, the eyes as bold and mischievous as ever.

"Well done, Spiug!" said a doctor of divinity—may he be forgiven!—"well done, Spiug, a terrier of the old Scots breed."

Peter's one rival in the idolatry of the school was Duncan Ronald Stewart Robertson, commonly known as Dunc, and Dunc was in everything except honesty, generosity and courage the exact opposite of Peter MacGuffie.

Robertson's ancestors had been lairds of Tomnahurich, a moor in Rannoch, with half a dozen farms, since the Deluge, as they believed, and certainly since history began. For hundreds of years they had been warriors, fighting other clans, fighting among themselves, fighting for Prince Charlie, and for more than a century fighting for England as officers in the Highland regiments.

The present laird had been in the Crimean War and the Mutiny, besides occasional expeditions, and was Colonel of the Perthshire Buffs. When he came to our examination in full uniform, having first inspected the local garrison on the meadow, it was the greatest day in our time. We cheered him when he came in, counting the medals on his breast, amidst which we failed not to notice the Victoria Cross. We cheered him in the class-rooms, we cheered him when he

—the Matabele declared him the best fighting man they had ever met

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mounted his horse outside and rode along the terrace, and Peter led a detachment by the back way up to Brendalbane Street to give him one cheer more.

Robertson was a tall, well-knit, athletic lad, with red hair, blue eyes and a freckled face, not handsome, but carrying himself with much dignity and grace. The Sparrow always appeared in tight-fitting trousers, as became Mr. MacGuffie's son, but Robertson wore the kilt and never looked anything else but a gentleman, yet his kilt was ever of the shabbiest, and neither had his bonnet any tails. His manners were those of his blood, but a freer and heartier and more harum-scarum fellow never lived.

It is a pleasant remembrance, after many years, to see again a group of lads around the big fire in the winter time, and to hear Duncan Robertson read the stirring ballad, "How Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days of old," till Peter could contain himself no longer, and proposed that a select band should go instantly to McIntyre's Academy and simply compel a conflict.

Dunc went into his father's regiment, and fell at Tel-el-Kebir, and there is one Seminary man at least who keeps the portraits of the two Captains—Peter MacGuffie, the Scot, the horse-dealer's son, and a very vulgar varlet indeed, and Duncan Robertson, the Celt, a well-born man's son, and a gentleman himself from head to foot—in remembrance of a school which was rough and old-fashioned, where, indeed, softness and luxury were impossible, but where men were made who had the heart in them to live and die for their country.

THE DIVIDENDS OF FAME

Literary Shrines That Are Money-Makers

By Harry Golding

SHAKESPEARE," said a too candid writer recently, "is a thoroughly good asset, and Stratford runs him for all he is worth." Now, it may seem a most undignified impertinence, but curiosity prompts us to ask, what is the cash value of Shakespeare to the charming Warwickshire town which contains at once his birthplace and his tomb?

Stratford is interesting in itself as a quaint old market-town, where the crier may yet be heard, and where in the winter months the curfew still "tolls the knell of parting day." But, as Washington Irving has said, "the mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakespeare . . . the whole place seems but as his mausoleum." Pigs and corn and cattle are sold on market days just as if the spot were not hallowed ground, but Stratford does not live on its agricultural transactions.

A "Mop Fair" is held annually in October, and excursionists come in their thousands, but Stratford would be badly off if it depended wholly upon that event. Brutally speaking, Stratford-on-Avon lives in the main on William Shakespeare, *obit* in the year of our Lord one thousand six hundred and sixteen. As is well known, the principal places in and around Stratford associated with Shakespeare are in the hands of a public-spirited body known as the Birthplace Trustees. But for their exertions, and the work of a long line of predecessors, notably David Garrick, Stratford might to-day have possessed no vestige at all of Shakespeare. It will be remembered that some years ago a syndicate of enthusiastic Americans almost succeeded in purchasing the birthplace, with the intention of deporting it bodily to the States.

From the report of the Trustees we gather some curious and interesting facts. It appears that in twelve months the total number of visitors to the birthplace was 26,510. An admission fee of sixpence a head is charged, which yields the respectable sum of about $3200. But this fee only entitles one to see the room in which Shakespeare was born, almost every inch of which is now scrawled over with the signatures of more or less famous men—mostly less—to inspect the room at the back where a portrait of the poet is religiously screened, and to pass through the quaint old kitchen, with its open fireplace, where the poet may or may not have baked his chestnuts in the days of youth.

To see the adjoining museum, with its many interesting curios, another sixpence has to be paid, and we find that about two-thirds of those visiting the birthplace, or, to be exact, 16,539, also visited the museum. This gives us an additional $2000.

An analysis of the signatures in the visitors' book shows how world-wide is the interest in Shakespeare. Upward of 7000 persons naughtily dodged the ordeal of signing their names; but of the rest no less than 4516 hailed from America, England and Wales sent 12,979, Scotland, 349, and Ireland only a paltry 194. Of pilgrims from other parts, Africa sent ninety-seven; Australia, 186; Austria, ten; Armenia, eight; Bavaria, three; Belgium, twelve; Canada, 206; Ceylon, thirteen; Channel Islands, forty-one; China, one; Denmark, eleven; Egypt, two; France, seventy-seven; Finland, three; Germany, 113; Hanover, seven; Hawaii, three; Holland, nine; Hungary, two; India, forty-nine; Italy, twelve; Jamaica, five; Japan, three; Madagascar, two; New Zealand, sixty-four; Newfoundland, seven; Norway, seven; Poland, three; Portugal, three; Prussia, seven; Russia, ten; St. Helena, two; Saxony, one; Spain, eleven; Sweden, six; Switzerland, sixteen; Tasmania, five; Turkey in Europe, four; West Indies, twelve.

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Next in importance to the birthplace is the beautifully situated church of the Holy Trinity, beneath the chancel of which Shakespeare was buried. The church is, of course, under the care of the vicar, an enthusiastic Shakespearean, and the figures are not included in the Trustees' report. But a reliable estimate gives the number of annual visitors, apart from ordinary worshipers, as 23,000. A great number of these, no doubt, respond to the vicar's appeal for help in the restoration and beautification of the church; but reckoning only the admission fees at sixpence a head, we get the sum of $2800.

Within sight of the church, and also on the banks of the Avon, stands the Shakespeare Memorial, a building which has been much criticised on account of its apparent incongruity, but for which all lovers of Shakespeare have cause to be devoutly thankful. It was in great part the gift of Mr. C. E. Flower, who contributed no less than $125,000. Here is a most valuable Shakespeare library, readily accessible to students, and a gallery of pictures collected from all quarters of the globe, and including works by such artists as Lawrence, Romney and Millais. Another part of the building is used as a theatre, where important performances of Shakespeare's plays are given from time to time—notably in April.

Now it is somewhat curious to notice that of the 26,000 odd persons visiting the birthplace, only 13,085, or less than half, took the trouble to visit the Memorial. These bring us in another $1700. The house, New Place, to which Shakespeare retired when fortune had smiled upon him, was razed to the ground in 1759 by the Rev. Francis Gastrell, because he considered the assessment on it excessive, and to-day only the carefully preserved foundations can be seen. This probably accounts for the fact that not more than 474 persons paid for admission, though the fee of sixpence includes admission to the adjoining museum, Nash's House, where a number of curios illustrating the customs and manners of the seventeenth century are to be seen. New Place, therefore, contributes only the insignificant sum of fifty-five dollars.

Ann Hathaway's cottage at Shottery, where the poet went a-wooing, is about a mile from the town, and is reached by a pleasant foot-path. The cottage was recently purchased by the Birthplace Trustees for $15,000, and their report gives the number of visitors as 10,489, which at sixpence each yields about $1300.

Totaling the amounts, we get about $11,000. It will at once be pointed out that out of this sum custodians have to be paid, fabrics maintained and repaired, and that the disposal of surplus funds is, in the case of the Birthplace Trustees, strictly regulated by the Act of Parliament of 1891. This is perfectly true, and I should be sorry to be numbered with those who complain of paying a paltry half-crown or three shillings for the privilege of seeing so many priceless relics. The point, however, is, that this amount of money is left in Stratford every year by visitors.

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At Stratford we are only at the commencement of the calculation. Fees paid for admission form a very small proportion of the pilgrim's expenses. There is the question of living. The majority of visitors, it is true, do not stay in Stratford more than a night or two. But from the circumstance that at least half a dozen first-class hotels and a large number of boarding-houses manage to flourish in what, after all, is but a small country town, it may be concluded that a goodly sum can be allowed under this head. Then there is the important item of souvenirs. What of a "rubbing from the tomb of Shakespeare" for a shilling? Or a copy of the record of the poet's birth and baptism in return for a subscription to the church restoration fund? I am not aware how many of these precious productions are disposed of, but the majority of visitors from the States certainly invest. Then there are busts of Shakespeare *ad lib.*, at prices ranging from sixpence to half a guinea. Photographs also sell largely, and popular subjects, such as Ann Hathaway's cottage, are disposed of in hundreds. One firm alone sends out 2000 prints of this view yearly, mounted and unmounted, though of course many are sold at places other than Stratford. Guide books, at prices from a penny to seven shillings and sixpence, find a ready sale, judging by the constant additions to their number. Altogether, we are probably within the mark in estimating the sum spent by pilgrims to the shrine of Shakespeare, including the largely attended April celebrations, at something like $50,000 a year, exclusive of railway fares. It should be remembered, too, that Stratford is indebted to its connection with Shakespeare for many princely gifts, notably the Memorial, the Child's Fountain, and the American window in Trinity Church.

Less than a dozen miles away from Stratford stands the hoary ruin of Kenilworth Castle, which I have discovered to my surprise to be visited by even more people than the birthplace of Shakespeare. From information kindly supplied by Lord Clarendon's solicitors, it appears that 30,000 persons annually pay the necessary sixpence for the privilege of inspecting this noble ruin. To the $3750 expended in admission fees must be added payments for refreshment, photographs and souvenirs, and in many cases carriage hire. The straggling town of Kenilworth is by no means pretentious, but its hotels would do credit to a stylish seaside resort, so that the crumbling castle would seem to be an asset of no slight value. What has happened at Kenilworth has happened in far greater degree in the Highlands of Scotland.

But, apart from the Highlands, there is what is known as the "land of Scott"—Abbotsford, Dryburgh, and the many scenes associated rather with the novelist himself than with his works. Visitors to Dryburgh Abbey, where Scott is buried, vary greatly in number, and I have been unable to obtain definite information; but the numbers are, without doubt, considerable. The owner has recently given notice that the charge for admission is in future to be one shilling each person, instead of sixpence. Whether that fact indicates that the business has hitherto been conducted at a loss, or that the tourist is considered capable of a little more squeezing, one would rather not say.

The English Lake District presents in many respects a case analogous to that of the Highlands. Gray, of Elegy fame, was probably the first to make widely known the tender beauties of Westmoreland and Cumberland. Canon Rawnsley, Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, "Christopher North," De Quincey, and later, Mrs. Hemans, Harriet Martineau, Doctor Arnold and John Ruskin, have each and all contributed to give the Lake District a twofold interest in the eyes of cultured sightseers. Few people find themselves near Grasmere without being magnetically drawn to the quiet churchyard where Wordsworth sleeps. No account is kept of the numbers who visit the church; but Dove Cottage, Wordsworth's home at Grasmere from 1799 to 1808, is under the care of a committee, and a charge of sixpence is made for admission. For the year from May, 1896, to May, 1897, the visitors numbered about 2000, and for the corresponding period in 1897-8, 2500. In the adjoining county of Yorkshire is a humble parish chiefly known to fame on account of its association with Charlotte Brontë and her talented sisters. A Brontë Museum was recently established at Haworth, and is visited by about 5000 persons annually. The charge for admission is threepence only, so that the sum raised can hardly suffice to pay for the services of the curator.

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One of the most popular showplaces in the Midlands is Lord Byron's ancestral home near Nottingham. Here may be seen the poet's bed, his library, an oak tree he planted, and the curious monument beneath which his faithful dog "Boatswain" is buried. Newstead Abbey is shown to the public twice a week, but no account of numbers is kept. As regards Hucknall Torbard Church, which contains the tomb of Byron, the vicar estimates the number of visitors at about forty a week in summer, and perhaps half that number in winter. This would give from 1500 to 2000 a year.

The question as to the actual situation of Bleak House has been hotly debated by lovers of Dickens. The energetic and far-sighted rector of Broadstairs has treated the matter as admitting of no doubt, and by the Dickens Fêtes held so successfully during the last year or two has drawn all eyes to the curiously shuttered, happily placed mansion which dominates the sea-front of that delightful resort. Now there can be no doubt that the Dickens Fêtes have been a huge advertisement for Broadstairs—indeed, people are beginning to complain that it will soon be as overrun as its popular neighbors, Margate and Ramsgate. At the 1897 fête there were no less than 5000 visitors in the three days, and in addition to the admission fee most people patronized some of the "side shows," and purchased refreshments and various articles of what Mr. Wemmick would call "portable property." It is clear, however, that Broadstairs has every reason to regard Bleak House as a valuable asset. How many visitors, too, are lured to Rochester from its connection with Dickens?

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North Devon is another conspicuous instance of the value of literary associations. The halo of romance thrown over the district by Kingsley's Westward Ho! Blackmore's Lorna Doone, Whyte-Melville's Haterfelto, and Marie Corelli's Mighty Atom has immensely augmented its popularity. Bideford is the centre of the Westward Ho! country, and the proprietor of the Royal Hotel points to the fine oak room, with its handsome scroll-work ceiling, in which the novelist divine wrote much of his book. "Kingsley's Room," as it is called, is visited by several thousand persons in the course of a year. It is estimated that the number of visitors staying at Bideford and Westward Ho! is about 20,000 each season. Between nine and ten thousand persons go to Clovelly from Bideford by breaks and coaches, and there are two or three steamers daily to the same spot from Ilfracombe, each with a load of five or six hundred. The neighboring land, made famous by Lorna Doone, has not hitherto been visited to quite the same extent, but now that the railway has penetrated to Lynton we may confidently expect to see a large increase in the number of visitors to Doone Glen.

The total number of visitors to Carlyle's House, Chelsea, with its "sublime garret," has only been 9527 since its establishment as a museum in July, 1895; the number visiting St. Giles', Cripplegate, where Milton was buried, is about ninety per day.

The East While You Wait
MY TRAVELS AND TROUBLES IN THE ORIENT

By ROBERT BARR

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PRISONERS OF THE PASHA

Part I

SUADIYEH, which we were visiting, is a village of Syria, about fourteen miles west from Antioch. We were the guests of a leading Greek merchant whose home had for three days been given over to merrymaking and visitors in honor of a marriage in the family. An eastern house is all bedrooms, should circumstances demand an extension of sleeping accommodation. I was taken into a large room on the ground floor upon which had been spread half a dozen mattresses side by side.

The following morning, when all of our party had arisen, the horses were brought, the two soldiers who never left us mounted to their perilous apex, and the Captain of our ship, leading the procession, gave the word that we should drop around and visit the Rev. Mr. Dodds, the missionary.

The house of Mr. Dodds is situated on an elevation giving a wonderful view of Suadiyeh and the Bay of Antioch beyond. To reach there we had to go down along the bed of the stream and up its precipitous bank. I was only thrown off my horse twice. Mr. Dodds is from one of the Western States—Indiana, I think—and his mission is supported from America. He preaches on Sundays, and during the rest of the week is the head of the schools where Turks, Greeks and Armenians are welcomed alike. The house is strongly built of stone, and has a wall around it inclosing an acre or two of land, which is like the wall of a fortress, and, should occasion require it, can stand a siege.

Elevated as the situation is, it is still, as is all the valley, subject to malaria, and a missionary post in this region is not one to be desired as a salubrious residence. It requires no small amount of heroism for a civilized and educated man to exile himself with his wife and children in such a spot, practically cut off from communication with his kind.

If any books or papers are to reach him they must be smuggled in. Mr. Dodds is a subscriber to a London newspaper, but he rarely receives it. In fact, when we were in prison at the port of Suadiyeh, I came across, in the custom house, a pile of newspapers that had been intercepted and was now put to the use of providing spills for lighting the pipes of the Turkish officials, which purpose the journal answered exceedingly well.

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Leaving the mission, we made our way to the port, which was now a scene of bustling activity. Numerous porters were carrying on their backs sacks of wheat which they dumped into barges to be thus conveyed out to the steamer.

In giving up our teskeris and passports to the Turkish authorities in Suadiyeh we had sought permission to visit certain places of interest in the neighborhood, as our ship was going to stay a day or two in the Bay of Antioch. We understood that such permission was granted, but such seems not to have been the case. The chief place we desired to investigate was the ancient city of Seleucia. No one lives in this city now, but the remains are considerable, and there is to be seen a great cutting through the solid rock, something over two-thirds of a mile in length, which Polybius asserts to have been a road that led from the city to the sea, but which is supposed to have been an aqueduct for carrying away the sudden overflow of the river, which, coming down from the mountains, threatened the safety of the port. The ruins are also interesting from the fact that Seleucia was the ancient port of Antioch, from which Saint Paul sailed for Cyprus, see Acts xiii: 4, as the guides about Jerusalem would say.

The most direct route was to take a boat from the steamer and row directly to the ruins. Four of us then made a request to the Captain for one of the ship's boats, and the first question Captain Campbell asked was, "Have you the permission of the Turkish authorities?" We told him quite truly that we had, but it seems the authorities expected us to row a mile up the Orontes to the custom house, and then make our journey to Seleucia, which was a long and troublesome way around. Four of us got into the boat, and we were accompanied by the ship's doctor.

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The distance proved to be longer than it looked from the ship's deck. On the low shore near the foot of the mountain was a square white building with a dome on it—one of the many tombs in which Saint George is buried, for he enjoys deserved rest, after his encounter with the dragon, in a tomb here, as well as farther south in a grave at Beyrout, and, unless I am misinformed, in many other places as well. Anyhow, I steered for this tomb, as did the British Army for a similar sepulchre in Omdurman, but we did not succeed in making it quite as successfully as did the Sirdar's troops, all on account of not having our Maxim guns with us.

I scanned the coast through a pair of glasses, scrutinizing the rocks, but could find no trace of anything like a ruined city. I began to put the boat about. No sooner did the boat veer to the west again than there ran up hurriedly from behind the white tomb three Turkish soldiers, who came down to the water's edge in a fine state of frenzy. The first to reach the shore dropped on one knee, leveled his rifle at us, and in the still air we heard plainly the click of the trigger as he cocked it.

The other two runners did not make such a record for speed as the first, for they kept their rifles continually to their shoulders as they came, ready, apparently, to fire if we showed signs of rowing away from them. As we had come in peace, not in war, to Turkey, as did young Lochinvar, none of us had any desire to be made a target of for the perfection of the marksmanship of the Turkish Army.

"It will be some time before we can row out of range, and while doing so the chances are that one or more of us will get winged," said I. "Therefore I propose to go ashore, as they seem very much to desire our company."

That was agreed to, the Doctor meanwhile holding up his cap and pointing to the gilded three feathers, the emblem of the Prince's Line, while I stood in the stern, held up my right hand, and, like Davy Crockett's coon, said: "Don't shoot; we'll come down!"

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As we neared the shore we had seen a fire spring up high in the mountains to our right, followed shortly by a second, a third and a fourth. Answering these signals, similar fires had flamed out across the valley from the mountains to our left. I had called the attention of the rowers to these illuminations, as their backs were toward them, and "The Boy" had remarked that they looked like the bonfires on Jubilee Day.

If we had had then an ounce of sense among us we should have known that these were the warnings of an invasion, and that we were the invaders; therefore we should have tacked about and got back to our comfortable ship. However, there is this to say for us: that we were all modest, unassuming persons, and so it never occurred to us that we were going to put the whole Turkish Army into a furore before we had finished our adventures.

"Look here, my friend," he cried, "will you stop those genuflections and tell me why you have arrested my passengers?"

The question which now animated the Turkish soldiery, who had not been happy till they got us and now did not seem to know exactly what to do with us, was whether those three should attempt to march us five through the swamp to the custom house or wait where they were till reinforcements came up. It was amazing how we managed to understand each other, having no common language. The soldiers were shaking their rifles in our faces and talking all at once. We five stood around with our hands in our pockets and agreed that we had got ourselves into some kind of a mess. Finally they ordered us to leave the boat and march. The Doctor said that he would not leave the boat; he was in charge of the ship's property and would not budge, advising us not to go either, unless they called a cab. So saying, he sat down on the prow of the stranded craft, pulled out his pipe and lit it. The soldiers stormed and leveled their rifles at him, but he sat there quite imperturbable, and smoked. We all resolved to stand by the Doctor, but the trouble was that darkness was coming on. Finally I proposed that three of us should march with the soldiers to the custom house, and that the Doctor and another should row the boat around to the same spot accompanied by the third soldier. The soldiers finally agreed to the proposition.

I asked the remaining soldiers to be good enough to lead the way to the custom house, and with that we started off. Darkness had now set in. We saw the liner's light glimmering on the bay, and finally heard the shriek of her siren, calling us to return. I tried to get one of the soldiers to shoot off his gun. The soldier could not or would not understand, and seemed to think that I was trying to wheedle his rifle from him. I think it was "The Boy" that touched the gun off. Anyhow, it went with a sharp click, but the sound it made seemed too much like the crack of a whip to be able to carry far even in the still, starlight night. Finally we discovered that these soldiers did not know their way at all. Accordingly I took charge of the party myself.

Arriving at last at the custom house, on the banks of the Orontes, we climbed the one stair that led to the outside balcony. Here we found, smoking a cigarette, our old friend, the quarantine officer. He was a most charming man from Constantinople, and we had all taken a liking to him during our previous visit, and we confidently produced our papers for his reinspection, but he shook his head and gently waved them aside. He spoke French fluently, and so we had little difficulty in making known our plight to him. He asked us to be seated, offered us cigarettes all around, and said that he was sure everything would be all right whenever the authorities came to know of the innocence of our expedition. Unfortunately, he had not the power himself to release us, as we had been arrested by the military authorities. About an hour later the military commandant came in.

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The commandant was the most forbidding looking man I have ever seen. He had a bullet head, with closely cropped gray hair, a hard, cruel face, and a determined mouth and chin, a low, receding brow that gave evidence of about as much intellectual equipment as we should expect to find in the head of a baboon. His small, ferret-like eyes never turned our way. If I were a painter who wished to draw a picture of the instigator of an Armenian massacre, I should like this military officer to stand as the model. He sat down on the bench beside the quarantine officer and drew out his book. The quarantine officer began to tell him about our case, but the military man waved his hand for silence. A servant came in, took off his boots and substituted slippers; then departing, he reappeared bearing a great water-pipe with a coil of rubber tubing wrapped around it. Unwinding this, the officer inserted a mouthpiece while the servant fetched a coal from the brazier and placed it on the tobacco.

And there we all sat in silence while this man grimly smoked. When the tobacco had been burned out, a cup of coffee was brought in, which he sipped leisurely.

All this time no questions were asked us and no notice whatever was taken of our presence. At last, after half a dozen pipes, the military man made a quiet remark to the quarantine officer. The latter got out pen and paper. A long dispatch was dictated in Arabic. Then a soldier was called and the important document was sent off by a mounted messenger. The military officer now took out from the sash that swathed the middle of his body a string of beads and began nervously to separate them in threes and twos, twos and threes, smoking all the while. The quarantine officer seemed dejected. The roaring of the steamship whistle had ceased. I asked the quarantine officer what the state of the game was now. He shrugged his shoulders and said the matter was out of his hands—that a dispatch had been sent to the Kaimakam.

"Is the Kaimakam a military authority?" I inquired.

"No," replied the quarantine officer; "he is the head of the civil administration of the district."

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After a long silence the servant of the military commandant came in with a prayer rug. The military man got up in silence, took off his slippers, bathed his feet, removed his coat, and then facing Mecca began to pray. A Mohammedan prayer is long and requires many evolutions. The hands go up above the head and are spread out to receive the blessing of Allah, then they are rubbed down the head and sides so that the blessing may permeate the body.

While this was going on the Captain of our ship entered, to our great delight, followed by his interpreter, John, a black rascal with only one eye, but with a thousand tongues, for he spoke a smattering of every language that is uttered upon the face of the earth.

"What's the meaning of this?" demanded the Captain of the quarantine officer, who shrugged his soldiers, as much as to say, "He has charge of the affair; inquire of him."

Gloomy as was our situation, hungry and cold as we were, the interview between the Captain and the military commandant will always remain in my mind as the most comical encounter I have ever beheld on earth or sea. The Captain was too full of resentment at the moment to appreciate it, but his earnestness merely added point to the controversy.

"Look here, my friend," he cried, "will you stop those genuflections and tell me why you have arrested my passengers?"

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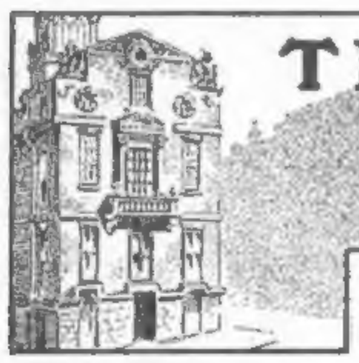
The Mussulman went steadily on with his devotions, without paying the slightest attention to the inquiry. The Captain strode around to the other side of him, and every stride the Captain took, his black interpreter, a frown on his brow, took step after step behind him. Reaching the port side of the gymnastic Mohammedan, the Captain continued:

"How long do you propose to keep these men here? Do you understand that my ship is being detained and that I hold you responsible? What did you arrest them for? What did you think they were doing?"

The motions of the living automaton facing Mecca went on as calmly as if there had been no interruption; the muttered prayer came forth no slower and no faster than before; the forehead rapped the ground the regulation number of times, and the praying man paid not the slightest attention to the Captain's demands.

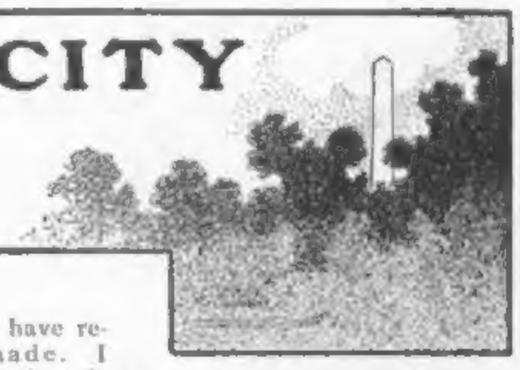
(TO BE CONCLUDED)

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the third paper in Robert Barr's series, My Travels and Troubles in the Orient. The second part of this paper will appear in the POST for next week.



THE WORK OF A MODERN CITY

By Josiah Quincy
Mayor of Boston



THE work of a great modern city is very many-sided and complex, and within a space which would be no more than sufficient adequately to describe the work of any one of the thirty-five executive departments of the city of Boston, I can give only a general idea of the direction in which progress is being made.

The important feature of the charter of Boston, as last revised in 1885, is the complete separation of the executive and legislative powers, and the substantial concentration of the former in the hands of the Mayor, with the consequent exclusion of the City Council from control of administrative business. The distinctive feature of our administrative machinery is that thirteen different departments, or over one-third of the whole number, are placed under the control of unpaid boards of trustees.

I think that we have also gone ahead of other American municipalities in the extent to which we have carried the specialization of municipal work, through the creation of such new departments as those of music, art and baths, and through the subdivision of our city institutions into four classes, including, respectively, criminals, paupers, insane persons and children, each administered by an independent board. The most interesting point in our recent municipal policy is to be found in the recognition and practical application of the idea that the city government can find much work to do in promoting the general well-being, and to some extent even the happiness, of those who compose the municipal community.

Many foreign cities have long been doing more than Boston has yet undertaken along these lines of municipal work, and possibly a few American cities may surpass her in one or more of them; but I think the facts fully warrant the claim that, taking the whole field of municipal service, Boston is doing more, and in a greater variety of ways, to promote the health, the mental and physical development, and the social advancement of its people than any other city in the country. Let me illustrate by reference to a few of our most important or novel lines of work.

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THE POOR MAN'S UNIVERSITY

In the first place, the work of our Public Library is of such a comprehensive character that it partakes very largely of the nature of a popular university, and comes very near to constituting an example of municipal socialism carried into practice. Our library plant—buildings, books and equipment—represents an investment of at least five million dollars. Three hundred and fifty persons are employed in connection with its service, and it costs the city over a quarter of a million dollars a year to maintain it. Besides the Central Library we have ten branch libraries, containing independent collections of books, and eighteen delivery stations. There are, outstanding, sixty-five thousand active cards for a population of five hundred and thirty thousand people. Over seven hundred readers are generally to be found in the Central Library building alone, and about a million and a quarter books are annually issued to card holders for use at home.

Our library is indeed an educational institution for adults, rather than a mere collection of books, as is indicated by the fact that in at least half a dozen departments the library has upon its staff scholars of recognized ability, who direct readers in the pursuit of advanced lines of reading. The people of Boston contribute nearly half a dollar annually per capita for the support of this great institution, and I doubt whether a community can be found anywhere in the world which taxes itself as heavily to provide library facilities, or which makes a larger use of them. Boston was a pioneer in the establishment of municipal libraries in this country, and there is no branch of municipal activity in which our citizens take a greater pride. Our library is believed to undertake a greater variety of service than any other, yet the demand for the extension of its facilities is never fully met.

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HOW BOSTON CARES FOR HER SICK

The City Hospital of Boston, which, owing to the unusual extent and excellence of the service which it renders, may well be considered as another example of practical municipal socialism, stands side by side with the Public Library as an object of interest and solicitude to our citizens. The maintenance of this great hospital, with its various departments and its accommodations for eight hundred patients, costs the city over a thousand dollars a day, and only a small fraction of this sum is received back from paying patients. The administration of the City Hospital, like that of the Public Library, is in the hands of a board of five unpaid trustees, one of whom is appointed each year for a five-year term. Besides an extensive out-patient department, the hospital maintains in an outlying district of the city a home for convalescents, in which patients discharged from the hospital proper are afforded an opportunity fully to regain their health and strength before returning to work. Before the establishment of this somewhat unusual feature of a city hospital it was found that a good many patients met with relapses through taxing their strength too soon after leaving sick beds.

The park system of Boston must certainly be mentioned among the most valuable and distinctive possessions of the city. It is impossible to give in a few words any adequate idea of the variety and extent of the chain of parkways, water-courses, ponds, beaches, natural woodlands and artificial plantations which make up a system in which the people of Boston have invested nearly fourteen millions of dollars, and which will extend continuously, when completed, for a distance of nine miles within the city limits. When the system has been finished, as it will be by the work to be done during the next few years, it will have no superior and few, if any, equals in the world. The incorporation into this system of the Arnold Arboretum, where several hundred acres of land are devoted to the growth of a great variety of trees and shrubs, alone constitutes a unique attraction, while the marine features, including several miles of beach, cannot, I think, be anywhere matched within three miles of the heart of a great city.

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TURNING THE CHILDREN OUT TO GRASS

The subject of playgrounds, which come under the control of the Park Commission, is at last receiving in Boston the attention which its great importance calls for. At present we have fourteen playgrounds, containing all the way from a quarter of an acre to seventy-seven acres, some of them fully constructed for use, and others as yet unimproved. The Park Commission has recently been given half a million dollars for the purchase of additional lands for playgrounds, and it is expected that each of the twenty-five wards of the city will be provided with one before many years.

We fully recognize the distinction between the large park and the small playground for local use, and we intend to supplement the former by multiplying the latter. Another activity of the Park Commission which is worthy of a passing mention, on account of its relation to the idea of the playground, is that of providing facilities for skating during the winter. Ice upon the many sheets of water within the parks is kept in good condition, and in the heart of the city skating is provided by spraying the ground during freezing weather. The Park Commissioners have also maintained for ten years several open-air gymnasia for use both by men and women with highly satisfactory results.

Perhaps the most distinctive recent departure in Boston has been the development of public bathing and the specializing

JOSIAH QUINCY

of its administration through the establishment of an unpaid board consisting of five men and two women, entitled the Bath Commission, but having charge also of the public gymnasia. The separation of these subjects from the Board of Health, and the creation of a specialized form of administration, has produced the good results naturally expected.

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BOSTON A CITY OF BATHERS

The number of baths taken last summer rose to over one million nine hundred thousand, or treble the number of the year before. On several hot days in summer the total number of bathers was over sixty thousand, and at one beach it ran as high as twelve thousand. This increased patronage came partly from an increase in the number of bathing places, but more from improved facilities and better administration; there were in operation six bathing beaches, thirteen floating houses, two river baths, and two artificial swimming pools.

The expense of maintenance was about two cents for each bath taken. The city furnished the use of towels at one cent each, and bathing suits at five cents. Children were allowed free bathing suits and were provided with instruction in swimming. Last fall the city opened its first permanent bathing establishment, which had been erected at a cost of eighty thousand dollars, and the attendance, which was large from the opening day, has steadily increased. Public bathing has taken a strong hold in Boston, and the improvement and extension of facilities of this character within the next few years seem to be assured.

A still more novel extension of municipal activity is found in the establishment of public gymnasia. Boston was fortunate enough to secure a large and well-equipped gymnasium two years ago by gift from a philanthropic lady who had established it, and this has been so largely used in the section of the city where it is situated as firmly to establish its place as a useful institution. It is resorted to by all classes and ages and both sexes, and children are given gymnastic drill in classes of several hundred, under competent instructors.

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MAKING THE NEW GENERATION ATHLETIC

The city is now erecting another large gymnasium by direct appropriation from the city treasury, and this will also be in use within a few months. It is safe to say that the municipal gymnasium idea is going to spread in Boston, and that it will not be many years before quite a number are in operation; indeed, appropriations toward the starting of three more small local gymnasia have recently been made. I think that the time is fast coming when it will be recognized that it is just as desirable for a city to provide facilities for physical development through the Public Gymnasium as to provide opportunities of mental development through the Public Library.

One of the distinctive steps recently taken by Boston has been the recognition of public music as properly coming under a special municipal department. We now have a Music Commission, consisting of five persons professionally connected with music, and ten thousand dollars has been appropriated for its use during the current year. Last summer a municipal band was organized to give the out-of-door concerts, and their musical character was greatly improved. During the winter a free concert was given weekly in some suitable school hall or ward room; these concerts have been given by a string quartette, a pianist and a vocalist, and while the expense has only been about sixty dollars for each concert, music of a good class has been given and the attendance has everywhere been large and appreciative. Twelve orchestral concerts were also given on Sunday evenings during the winter, under the auspices of the Music Commission, a charge of ten to twenty-five cents being made for reserved seats.

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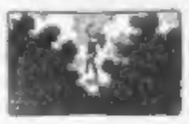
BOSTON'S WAR ON THE UGLY



Last year the Art Commission which had been established for Boston by act of the Legislature, with only negative powers, was reorganized as a regular department of the city. It now has charge of the awarding of all commissions for the execution of statues and other works of art for the city, with certain other powers, and it promises to develop into a useful piece of municipal machinery. The distinct recognition by an American city of art as coming within the municipal sphere, certainly contains a germ of promise that the ugly and inartistic are not always to be allowed the free sway in our cities which they have too long enjoyed.

During the last few months Boston has been successfully executing the plan of free evening lectures for adults which has for some years been in such successful operation in New York under its Board of Education. With us, this work has been placed in the hands of a special committee, of which the librarian of our Public Library is a member, and our contribution to the firmer establishment of the municipal lecture idea is likely to take the form of showing that it can be most advantageously connected with the work of a public library.

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LESSONS IN GOOD CITIZENSHIP

Logically, I believe that the work of adult education by means of lectures belongs rather with the public library system, which is also intended primarily for adults, than with the education of the young under the school authorities; moreover, the library and the lecture course admirably supplement each other, and as a practical matter can well be carried on together. We have made a beginning this year by giving about one hundred lectures, at a total expense of less than three thousand dollars. Many of these were upon subjects which should considerably enlarge the knowledge of those who attend them in relation to the work of their own municipal government, and thereby tend to promote good citizenship.

Coming finally to a few lines of municipal activity in Boston having special relation to the young, we can boast of giving thirteen thousand children a day's outing down the harbor last summer, at a total expense of two thousand dollars, each child being given a simple luncheon and an opportunity to bathe. This result was accomplished by utilising the machinery of the different churches in making up the excursions and in the providing of volunteer committees, and by putting to a larger use the regular steamer which was run by the city to one of its public institutions.

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CAMP LIFE FOR GOOD BOYS

A departure of still greater novelty, tried as an experiment last season and now to be continued, is found in the establishment of a municipal camp for boys who would not otherwise be able to get an outing. Over eight hundred boys were thus given a week's experience of camp life, near the salt water, with opportunities for boating and bathing, and with a certain amount of instruction and training. The cost of running the camp, with proper attendance, was only one dollar and eighty-three cents per week for each boy, and it is proposed to conduct the camp upon a somewhat larger scale this year, to allow the teachers in the public schools to use the privilege of membership as a reward of merit, and to pay more attention to physical and mental training.

Another illustration of municipal work for the benefit of children is found in the opening of school yards in the vacation season. Boston was a pioneer in a somewhat limited way in this movement through the agency of a private organization, but last summer the city itself took hold of the matter and over thirty school yards were thrown open, equipped with sand courts and toys, and with attendants, and for the coming year the school committee itself has been stimulated to appropriate three thousand dollars for this work.

The foregoing brief outline of some of our municipal activities in Boston may be sufficient to indicate that we do not cling to the old and limited conception of the functions of a municipality. We are at least growing toward the larger and truer conception of a municipality, which has become thoroughly established abroad, and ought not longer to be kept back in a nation which prides itself upon being more democratic than any other—the conception that it is the proper and appointed work of the city to do everything which requires the organization and the resources of the whole public for the accomplishment of the largest results, and which tends to promote the well-being of the people.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" *That are Making HISTORY*

The Fight for the Speakership

OSTENSIBLY the servant of the House of Repesentatives, the Speaker is really its master. In the last Congress he not only dominated the House, but held up the Senate. The special session of Congress called by the President gave the Speaker an opportunity rarely presented. He appointed a Committee on Ways and Means, one on Rules, another on Mileage, and a fourth on Accounts. These were the only committees designated until the end of the special session. Whatever legislation passed the Senate at the special session, therefore, fell into the hands of the Speaker's clerk, where it remained until the end of the session.

The Committee on Rules is the lever of legislation in the House. This committee, of which the Speaker is chairman ex-officio, is appointed by the Speaker. He dominates it. The rules of the last House were adopted within an hour after his election, and these gave the Committee on Rules, *à la* the Speaker, absolute power. The House acted under these rules to the end of the Fifty-fifth Congress.

Well has Thomas B. Reed said that the Speakership is the second highest office within the gift of the Government. It has been made so within ten years. The initial steps were taken in the Fifty-first Congress, when the Speaker assumed a right to count a quorum as present and not voting. With Mr. Reed no longer a member of the House, it is a question whether this absolute power will be maintained. It will probably be curtailed. It will be as difficult to find a man to fill the place vacated by Mr. Reed as it was to find a man to fill the shoes of Oliver Cromwell.

There are four prominent Republican candidates for the Speakership of the House in the Fifty-sixth Congress. They are Sereno E. Payne and James S. Sherman, of New York, David B. Henderson, of Iowa, and Albert J. Hopkins, of Illinois.

Of these candidates, James S. Sherman, of Utica, is the youngest. He will be forty-four years old in October next. Sherman is said to be the man whom Thomas B. Reed has selected as his successor. This selection is also said to be indorsed by the Honorable Thomas C. Platt. What gives a truthful color to these assertions is the fact that Mr. Sherman declined a life appointment on the board of appraisers in New York City, at a salary of $8000 per year. This young man has had a training and an experience under the eye of Mr. Reed that certainly fits him for the high official position. He has frequently presided in Committee of the Whole and with marked success.

HON. AMOS J. CUMMINGS

It was once said that the Speaker "must be honest, industrious, economical, watchful and wary, experienced, endowed with perfect self-control, and must possess the unbounded confidence of his party and of the people." Mr. Sherman possesses all of these qualifications. He has served ten years in Congress. He has been a member of the Committee on Judiciary, and has served six years on the Committee on Indian Affairs. He has been chairman of the latter committee for four years.

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He is a graduate of Hamilton College—a well-knit gentleman of florid complexion, with brown hair and military whiskers. He wears glasses and is effective in debate. Suave and agreeable, he has always been popular on the floor. He is familiar with parliamentary practice, prompt in his rulings, and equally prompt in fortifying them. There is nothing superficial about him. He is a strong, sterling man of sound sense, clear perceptions, strict integrity and of unquestioned ability.

Mr. Sherman is handicapped in the contest by the fact that Sereno E. Payne, of Auburn, is also a declared candidate. Mr. Payne is the dean of the New York delegation. He succeeded Mr. Dingley as the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the last Congress, and was thereafter the recognized leader of the party on the floor. If a New York man is to be chosen Speaker, it would seem that the mantle ought to fall upon Mr. Payne. His qualifications are equal to those of Mr. Sherman, and he has had more experience and a longer term of service. He has been frequently called to the chair, and was chairman of the Committee of the Whole during the discussion of the Dingley tariff bill. Of manly proportions, dignified presence, graceful oratory, and eminently social, he would make an ideal Speaker. He is fifty-six years old and a graduate of the University of Rochester.

Mr. Payne has been a member of the House for fourteen years. Ten years has he served conspicuously on the Ways and Means Committee, and at the close of the last session was chairman of both the Ways and Means and the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries. He was a favorite lieutenant of Speaker Reed. Whenever prompt and decisive action was desired he manœuvred swiftly and skillfully, and without exciting a revengeful feeling in his adversaries. To-day he is as able and well-equipped a man as New York has had on the floor for the last fifty years. His weakness as a candidate for Speaker is due to the fact that it will be difficult to find a man to take his place on the floor.

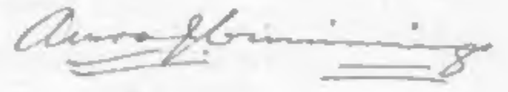
So much for the two candidates from the East. There are also two candidates from the West. Of these David B. Henderson, of Dubuque, Iowa, may aptly be termed "the soldiers' candidate." He is the only one of all the candidates who served in the Civil War. He was born in Scotland and is fifty-nine years old. He has a continuous service of sixteen years in the House. General Henderson was the chairman of the Committee on Judiciary in the last Congress, and one of the five members of the Committee on Rules. He has thick iron-gray hair, flashing gray eyes, a broad chest, and a voice that always awakens the echoes in the Capitol. He lost his leg in battle and has never completely recovered from the wound. The amputation was imperfect, and repeated operations have been required to prolong his life; yet he seemed imbued with Spartan vim.

When rough work was to be done in the last Congress General Henderson headed the Republican column. Adroit, unflinching and unyielding, he always pressed a parliamentary fight to a finish. His personal influence is strong, and his geniality unbounded. He would make a hard-headed Speaker, of commanding presence, and one eminently fair toward the minority. With neither sectional feeling nor partisan bias, and with the solid and influential Iowa delegation behind him, he is a dangerous competitor in the fight.

The other Western candidate is Albert J. Hopkins, of Aurora, Illinois. This gentleman, like his competitors, has frequently presided in Committee of the Whole. Here he has displayed rare ability. His knowledge of parliamentary law is universally conceded, and there is no question of his fitness for the place. Mr. Hopkins has had fourteen years' service in the House, and for years has been a valued member of the Ways and Means Committee. He was chairman of the Census Committee of the last House. He is fifty-three years old and is a graduate of Hillsdale College. Pungent and persistent in discussion, active in committee, and influential in legislation, he has made his mark.

He served with Sereno E. Payne as a member of the Committee on Elections as far back as the Forty-ninth Congress. He has sat at Payne's side in the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries for eight years. The fourteen Republican voters in the Illinois delegation are ranged behind Mr. Hopkins. His friends are confident of his success, and are doing all that can be done to aid him.

Other members-elect think they are candidates, but they are flies on the wheel of politics. One or two are only playing for position on committees, and will probably be disappointed.



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The Cost of the Government in the Two Years of the Last Congress

An official revision of the appropriations by the Fifty-fifth Congress shows a total for the first session of $893,231,615, and for the second of $674,981,022, or $1,568,212,637 in all. Besides the direct appropriations, contracts were authorized for sums aggregating $77,047,274, of which much more than one-half was for new war-ships.

During the two years covered by the Congress there was an annual increase of expenditures caused by additions to the Army and Navy aggregating more than $10,398,000, and in the various branches of the civil establishment 930 new offices were created and 852 old ones abolished.

The largest appropriations in the second session were, in their order, for pensions, post-offices, Army, Navy, sundry civil purposes, deficiencies, miscellaneous purposes, legislative, rivers and harbors, Indians, District of Columbia, fortifications, agriculture, and diplomatic and consular corps.

Up to May 1, 1899, the expenditures on account of the war, excluding those made in preparation before war was declared, amounted to about $300,000,000, of which $266,608,480 was spent on the Army and Navy since June 30, 1898.

An Expert British View of the Great American Trusts

Just now, when financial circles abroad are daily becoming more and more amazed at the gigantic combinations of American capital for the control of industrial interests, a special weight attaches to the opinion of Lord Revelstake, a director of the Bank of England and a member of the banking house of Baring Brothers & Co.

This conspicuous financier, who recently returned from an observation tour of the United States, looks upon these combinations as promising immense advantages. In his judgment the great organizations of industry have, in most cases, resulted in undoubted economy of labor and expense of management, and have been beneficial in financial and other results.

> "America is going forward by leaps and bounds, and will make things extremely uncomfortable for British industry if we of England do not recognize more fully that vast capital enterprise as opposed to more limited individual venture can only end in favor of the former, and that is where America is now getting her pull."

At present he believes Englishmen hardly appreciate the force and potentiality of the present movement, but there will soon be a revulsion of public opinion in favor of these combinations. In view of present conditions he declares a "visit to America is an education in itself."

Engines and Bridges for the World Are Now Being Built in Pennsylvania

It begins to look as if our great iron and steel works would soon be compelled to shut down on orders from our own people, owing to the demands on them from foreign countries. Local contracts already placed call for nearly all the iron and steel that can be produced without extraordinary effort in the next two years.

Within a few days a locomotive plant in Philadelphia received contracts for twenty freight and twenty passenger locomotives for England and for forty for China. A similar plant in Richmond is rushing twelve large railway engines for the Swedish Government, and the State Department at Washington has been notified that all the rails and rolling-stock of the new Syria-Ottoman Railway will be of American manufacture.

Since the British War Office gave Pennsylvania the preference over the home field for the building of the Atbara bridge in the Soudan, Japan has contracted with a Phœnixville firm for a great steel bridge for its Imperial Railway, Russia for twelve similar ones for the Eastern Chinese division of the Trans-Siberian Railway, and Canada, Brazil, Central America and Peru for a number of steel railroad bridges and viaducts.

The United States' Part in the Development of China

The United States has at length acquired a direct interest in the international development of China by the imperial ratification of a contract between the Government and a syndicate of American and British capitalists. Instead of national aggrandizement, the purpose of this is wholly beneficent and in a line with the best material advantages for the Empire.

The concession really constitutes a partnership in which the United States, Great Britain and China are to cooperate in the development of native resources that would be impossible without foreign capital, machinery and methods.

All the rich mines and oil fields in the Province of Sze-Chuen are placed under the control of this partnership, and while the United States provides for only a quarter of the necessary capital it will be benefited by furnishing a large quantity of the machinery needed in the work.

Policy Holders Entitled to All of a Company's Surplus

A decision rendered by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York, on a suit brought by a policy holder against one of the largest life insurance companies, has attracted unusual attention.

This policy holder, on the maturity of a fifteen years' tontine policy, received the face of it and an additional amount that was represented to be his individual share in the surplus fund of the company. He accepted the surplus payment under protest, and brought suit to recover his proportion of the whole surplus that had accumulated while his policy was in force.

With one dissenting opinion the court decided that it was the duty of the company, when it had determined what its surplus really was, to "make an equitable distribution, not of a portion of the fund, but of all of it." As the net surplus of this one company, excluding the third part set aside for distribution, amounts to something like $57,000,000, the importance of this decision is readily apparent.

The company, moving for an appeal, acknowledged that the whole surplus belonged to the policy holders.

Cuba's Great Gain Under American Administration

A survey of what has been accomplished in Cuba during the brief period of American administration shows astonishing results. Havana was subjected to modern sanitary regulations, and at the end of four months experts were surprised that the dreaded yellow fever had been kept down.

In the single month of February the tonnage of vessels in trade between Havana and foreign ports exceeded in entrances and clearances that of every port in the United States excepting New York.

An increase in the business of the custom house demonstrates better than anything else the revival of general trade.

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

gave a banquet in honor of the martyred President. Elihu Root presided, and the speakers included some of the best known orators in the country.

The diners were no less conspicuous than the guests. On the dais at the left of the Chairman sat Chauncey M. Depew, and on the right was Senator Foraker, of Ohio. Next to the Senator came the Rabbi, a small man who sat so low in his chair that his head barely showed above the table decorations.

The large banquet hall was divided into groups of diners surrounding nearly a hundred small tables. Near the toastmaster's dais sat William Dean Howells, Augustus D. Shepard, several politicians of note, and a railroad President. The favor of the evening was a silk American flag, half as large as the napkins.

The speakers were unusually eloquent. Senator Foraker was fiery in his patriotism, almost to the point of combustion. Mr. Depew made by far the strongest of his many orations of the past half-dozen years, and then the Chairman introduced the Rev. Dr. Emil Hirsch, of Chicago.

The Rabbi arose, and rubbed his chubby hands together.

"After the brilliant address of the statesman from Ohio," he said, "after the masterpiece of New York's most eloquent orator, I can say little worth your while to heed. My only excuse for being here is, that I come from Illinois. Illinois gave Lincoln to the nation; Illinois holds his remains and reveres his memory as that of her most distinguished son."

Five minutes later came his first climax. In another five minutes came the second, and the cheering lasted full a minute. The Rabbi had grown almost a foot in stature, apparently, and his voice had broadened and strengthened until it filled the hall. Within ten minutes more he arrived at his peroration. That ended, he dropped into his chair and shrank into his former dimensions.

The audience! Mr. Howells was standing on his chair waving a napkin in one hand and a flag in the other. So was Mr. Shepard. So were the politicians and also the railroad President. Presently Mr. Depew stepped around to the Rabbi, and, taking his hand, whispered his congratulations. This led to more cheering and still more.

The next morning Rabbi Hirsch's oration was the feature of the morning newspaper reports, and New York had heard a new orator. There are many in that audience who will regret that Chicago is to keep him in the West.

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Mayor Carter H. Harrison's Iron Will

Carter H. Harrison, the Mayor of Chicago, possesses a vulcanized will-power. A few weeks ago an ordinance was introduced in the Council of Chicago which had for its object the blackmailing of certain well-known railroad corporations which occupy the same local depot.

The railroad officials were startled by the measure because it was well drawn, and appeared to have a majority of the votes in the Council in favor of it. In olden times the chief officials of the company would have sent for the "leader" of the Council and bought the suppression of the measure.

But this time they decided to make a direct appeal to the Mayor for protection. Their story was related to him and a request made that he aid them. He made no promise that he would do so, for Harrison is chary of promises. It is said that he even hesitated when he faced the marriage ceremony. However, after the railroad officials had left him he sent for the Alderman who introduced the ordinance, and when that worthy called asked him:

"Billy, what do you expect to make out of that ordinance?"

The Alderman winced and dodged the question. The Mayor went on:

"You have got to stop that ordinance right where it is."

"Billy" allowed that he would not, and intimated that the Mayor was meddling.

"All right," said the Mayor, and turning to one of his secretaries asked: "How many appointees has Billy in the Street Department?"

"Ten," was the reply.

"Have them discharged at once, and if they wish to know the reason why, they can come here for an explanation."

The Alderman stood aghast. He protested. He begged. The Mayor sat silent. That night the ten men were out of the employ of the city. The blackmailing ordinance never came before the Council for a vote, and the Alderman spent two months of his valuable time trying to get his men reinstated. So far but four of them have gone back to work.

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Calvé as a Gardener

Mlle. Emma Calvé is probably the only great prima donna who combines farming with her brilliant operatic achievements. She has a large farm at Cevennes, and rusticates there each summer.

Last summer the famous singer went into her kitchen garden and cared for her own vegetables. No one was allowed to touch them, and the results were far better than when her gardener cared for the things. Mlle. Calvé wore a short skirt of blue jeans, sabots and a linen shirt-waist. She spaded and hoed and watered her vegetables day after day, and proudly sent gifts of the finest fruits of her labors to friends in Paris.

The prima donna was very ill and nervous when she went to Cevennes, but this free open-air life and the vigorous exercise soon restored her to the most robust health, and when friends ask her the secret of her cure she answers: "Spades and potatoes."

Mlle. Calvé's chickens also come in for some of her attention, but the garden is her chief delight.

MLLE. EMMA CALVÉ

Sousa Gives a Lesson in Organ Grinding

John Philip Sousa has an intense dislike for the mutilation of his musical compositions. To hear one of his marches played out of tune or time not only sets his teeth on edge, but provokes his anger beyond his power of resistance. Not long ago he came down from his home in Yonkers on the Hudson to New York City, and in front of the Grand Central Station he heard an organ grinder playing The Washington Post March. He was turning the wheel with the utmost slowness and extreme irregularity. It sounded like a funeral march.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

Sousa stood it as long as he could and then rushed across the street and exclaimed: "That's not the way to play that. Don't do it any more. It's awful."

"How should I play?" said the grinder impassively.

"Faster, faster."

"Ah!"

"Yes. This way. Let me show you," and he took the crank into his hands and turned it with so much spirit and vigor that he soon had a crowd around him.

"Thank you," said the organist. "Who are you?"

"I'm Sousa. That's the proper way to play that march."

"Thank you, sir," replied the organist bowing profoundly.

The next day Sousa came to town on the same train and found the same organ grinder in the same place playing The Washington Post March just as he had been taught the day before, but with much greater success. Murmuring and evidently awe-stricken spectators were dozens deep circled around the musician. Sousa forced his way to the front to see the cause of the excitement. He found it. On the organ was a large canvas sign reading:

"THE WASHINGTON POST MARCH
Composed by
JOHN PHILIP SOUSA
Played by a
PUPIL OF SOUSA."

Mr. Sousa has not given any more music lessons to strangers.

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Drysdale's Imaginary Friend, the Duke

William Drysdale, the well-known correspondent, has returned from a year or more of travel in Europe and is living in his country place at Crawford, New Jersey. While he was staying in Marseilles he wrote repeatedly for a friend in Elizabeth to come over and visit him. This friend was of a procrastinating nature, and put off from week to week the promised trip. About Thanksgiving time he received a letter from Drysdale mentioning a delightful time he had been having with the Duc de Broglie.

The next week the Elizabeth man made another appointment, and broke it. Whereupon Drysdale wrote:

"Awfully sorry, old man, you weren't with us last night. We had a lovely sail on the Mediterranean with the Duc and the Duchesse. Next week we are going to make a trip on his yacht to an island off this coast, which has been in his family for centuries. We may stay there in his castle for a fortnight. If you hurry up you will come in at the end. The Duc has asked me repeatedly why you haven't come."

This brought still another appointment and likewise another postponement. Then Drysdale wrote this:

"Had the best trip of my life. Early next month the Duc is going to take us all down on his yacht to Algiers and Alexandria. We shall be gone a month. It's the chance of a lifetime. The Duc sends his regards."

This stirred the Elizabeth man into action, and the following cable dispatches passed between them:

"Shall sail next Saturday. Give the Duc my warmest thanks. JACK."

"Don't sail; wait for my letter. WILLIAM DRYSDALE."

And this is what the letter contained:

"DEAR OLD MAN: There is no Duc, or at least if there is I don't know him. I only wanted to awaken some regret in you for your indecision. I'm glad that I have accomplished that end. I am also glad to learn in time that you prefer the society of a French Duc to that of your old-time friend.

"WILLIAM DRYSDALE."

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How Rabbi Hirsch Captured New York

Rabbi Hirsch, who has declined to leave Chicago for the flattering offer of a fifteen-years' contract with one of New York's richest synagogues at $15,000 a year and a pension for life, was not known in the metropolis prior to Lincoln's Birthday, 1897. On that occasion the New York Republican Club, which had been largely instrumental in securing the law making this day a public holiday in New York State,

Li Hung Chang's Poisoned Cake

Of Li Hung Chang numberless stories are told in Chinese society. Now and then one reaches this country through our Consuls to China. Nearly all are flavored with that strange Oriental atmosphere which is so puzzling to our Western civilization.

On one occasion when the Premier was having a bitter fight with some of the more conservative members of the Tsung Li Yamen he received as a present a magnificent cake which he had reason to suspect contained poison. He put the cake aside and set all his powerful machinery to work to find out who was at the bottom of the plot. The investigation was partly successful, the crime being traced to three men, of whom one, at least, was absolutely guilty. Li had the trio arrested and brought to his Yamen. When they arrived they were ushered into his presence and were received in his courtliest manner. The cake was produced with the remark that "politeness forbade his tasting it until the three generous donors had had an opportunity to enjoy its excellence." Li cut the cake and one of his servitors handed it to the unwilling guests. Each took a piece and ate, or pretended to eat it. One crumbled the pieces and let them fall upon the floor, but the other two ate calmly, without manifesting any emotion. Ten minutes and the two men began to show symptoms of suffering. Li smiled benignantly and said to the man who had not eaten: "Your wisdom is so great that I am compelled to preserve your head as a souvenir of transcendent genius."

The man was removed and promptly decapitated. To the other two the Premier remarked: "The cake that you are eating is not the one you sent, but one which I had my cook imitate. The poison from which you are suffering exists only in your imagination. I know of no way to cure your present pain except by letting you share the same fate as your friend who has just left the room."

As they were led away the statesman said to his retinue: "It is a pity that a man who can eat a deadly corrosive poisoning with an unmoved countenance should so misapply the talent wherewith Heaven has endowed him."

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TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

Spooks at an Ingersoll Lecture.—It happened in Brooklyn at the Columbian Theatre shortly before Washington's Birthday of this year. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll was lecturing on Satan, Spooks, Superstition, etc. Suddenly, just as the Colonel called upon Satan to explain some of his tricks, there was heard from around and under the stage deep noises, thumps, bangs, etc.

"Spooks!" shouted one man.

"Ghosts!" shouted another.

"The devil himself!" exclaimed some women.

Ingersoll braced up and went on, but the queer noises grew louder. It was plain that he was getting embarrassed.

"Is this a practical joke?" he inquired.

No one answered. Everybody was too frightened. Then arose a practical engineer, who saw steam oozing out from under the stage. "It's only the steam pipes," he exclaimed, whereat, with the aid of ushers and others, the valves were shut off and the noises stopped. But there are still people in Brooklyn who believe they were let in to the secrets of another world that night.

Passing of Brown's Street Arab.—J. G. Brown, the famous painter of street arabs, recently complained bitterly of the absence of models for his work. "I can't find them as I used to do," he said. "They are not here any more. The cleaning of the streets and the truancy school law have interfered with my work. When boys are forced to go to school and there are no dirty streets for them to play in, how can they be ragged, idle and dirty? Of course I get some models, but I have to hunt for them nowadays, and they are several times as valuable to me as they were thirty-five years ago."

Maude Adams' "First Appearance."—Perhaps no actress of modern times has so completely won the hearts of the American public as Maude Adams, whose Babbie in The Little Minister was an altogether charming creation, and whose success as Juliet is remarkable.

But it may not be widely known that Maude Adams was born to the theatre. Her first appearance, it is said, was at the tender age of nine months, when she represented a lost child. Her *début* at this early age was due to the fact that the child cast for the part failed to put in an appearance. This was in 1872, at Salt Lake City, where Maude Adams' mother was a member of a stock company.

Some years later she appeared with her mother in the support of J. K. Emmett. At the age of sixteen she was enlisted as a member of Daniel Frohman's Lyceum company. She is now but twenty-six years old, and has won a reputation of which the charming little actress may well be proud."

The Making of a MERCHANT

Paper Number One

Laying the Foundation

By HARLOW N. HIGINBOTHAM

COMMENT of any practical value on the subject of the mistakes most frequent among boys and young men entering on a business life is certain to meet with one criticism which may be epitomized in the single word "commonplace!" And why? Because these faults are so common that they are impressed on the attention of every large employer of labor, particularly in commercial lines, and he is compelled to reiterate them with emphasis and tiresome persistency. If they were less common, less universally recognized and uniformly disapproved by employers, their enumeration would not appeal to their victims as commonplace, stereotyped and uninteresting.

Occasionally, however, a boy or young man of sufficient character and receptivity is found who is willing and eager to profit by advice from those of long experience, even though it may be given in painfully familiar terms and may sound sage, tedious and "preachy." It is in the hope that at least a few of the younger readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST are animated by this spirit of tractibility that these suggestions and comments are made by one whose views are the result of thirty-eight years of experience in unbroken connection with an enterprise that has had many changes in the personnel of proprietorship and now has more than five thousand employees.

In the course of that service he has filled various positions, from the very humblest to that of part proprietor and manager. With the exception of his earliest years, all this period of labor has brought him into direct personal contact with the young employees, and the responsibilities of his position have compelled a daily and unremitting watchfulness of their conduct with a view to determining the faults and mistakes which most beset the young adventurer into the mazes of commercial activity.

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As the majority of business positions to-day are filled by men who entered the harness as boys, the manner in which a boy looks at his first employment is of fundamental importance. Generally he does not take himself or his duties with sufficient seriousness. He is inclined to think that he is "only a boy," and that his work is of boyish inconsequence. Nothing could be further from the real facts than such an impression. To realize this it is only necessary to go into the office of any large establishment—the business heart of a commercial enterprise—and observe the swarms of boys that flit between the desks of the older workers.

Who is always at the elbow of the executive head of an establishment of this kind? A boy! He comes into closer and more continuous contact with the proprietor, the general manager, or the department head than any adult. Because he is "only a boy" he is party to private conversations and transactions from which even the "confidential man" might be barred. This means responsibility and opportunity, and his conduct is, therefore, of greater personal interest and moment to the business executive that he is generally inclined to think.

Boys fail to satisfy the demands made upon them more through lack of promptness and punctuality than by any other reason. Thousands of dismissals, rebuffs, discouragements and failures at the beginning of a career could have been avoided by these small workers had they made a cardinal point of being always on hand in their proper places during every moment when subject to duty. It is not enough that they should be generally at their stations. The time is sure to come, no matter how sparingly they allow themselves the indulgence of straying only a little from the rigid requirements of office rules, when they will be suddenly wanted—and will be found wanting!

Many fall into the habit of being a few rods, or perhaps only a few feet, from the spot where they are expected to be. This means that the busy employer must leave his desk or resort to a little extra effort to secure their attention. The actual inconvenience may seem trifling, but he is annoyed. If very charitable, he says "that's the boy of it," and patiently gives the little toiler another chance. But the boy has failed to come up to reasonable requirements, and suffers accordingly in the estimation of the man who depends upon him for certain service.

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Another seemingly petty fault very common to the younger employees is the habit of watching the clock. This is little short of infuriating to the man who is genuinely and seriously absorbed in his business It tells him that the spirit of time-serving instead of the welfare of the business is the controlling force in the work of such an employee. This is peculiarly irritating to the man who has a thoughtful and conscientious grasp of the serious side of business life. Any large employer of labor, particularly in office positions, will place heartfelt emphasis on the advice: Let the clock take care of itself, and show a disposition to be useful without regard to time or closing-bells! This is a secret by which a boy or young man of even mediocre talents may win the approval of those whom he serves. "Anything but a time-server!" has been the exasperated exclamation that has preceded many a dismissal.

Quickness to perceive the little things which annoy a busy executive and promptness in removing them has secured the promotion of scores of boys and young men who, as the saying goes, "have their wits about them." Proprietors and managers of large businesses are human and susceptible to those delicate personal attentions which count so largely in home and social life. And the fact that such an attention comes from a boy and amid the hurry of business and the commercial surroundings of an office only goes to make these exhibitions of thoughtfulness more acceptable, pleasing and conspicuous.

As to the matters of conduct on the part of the employees which may appear to be of greater moment, it is worth while to lay stress on the characteristic of decision—the inclination to act quickly on individual responsibility and stand by the consequences. Rashness may be less at a premium in commercial than military life; but timidity is as much to be avoided in the one as the other field of activity. Better, by far, make an occasional mistake of judgment than to halt and hesitate over the routine item of business and consult a superior on affairs which are not of sufficiently unusual a character to demand the special exercise of executive discretion and authority.

Readiness cheerfully to go anywhere at a moment's notice and at whatever personal inconvenience, to remain absent from home for any length of time that the exigencies of business may demand, and to make the interests of the employer his own, is a most appreciated quality in an employee. It never fails to secure appreciation. A turning-point of this kind in my own experience so aptly illustrates this observation that its introduction here may be pardonable.

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In those early days, travel by rail was a positive hardship compared with present conditions. Sleeping-cars were unknown, and trains jolted over rough roadbeds at snail pace. It took twenty-four hours to go from Chicago to the Missouri River, and the most active young man was not anxious to leave his home and suffer the inconvenience and hard knocks of such a trip. One day, however, I was called into Mr. Leiter's office and asked if I would go out to a distant prairie town and attempt the collection of a bill of $1400 against a country merchant. That meant much more then than it would now, and although I realized the responsibility of the mission, and its difficulties and hardships, I promptly and cheerfully accepted the proposal.

From the moment I took the train I had no other thought than that of accomplishing the object for which I had been sent. I determined to get that money no matter how long I had to stay for it, or how much hard work or inconvenience might be involved.

Arriving at the little village, I found that a representative of another wholesale house, to which the merchant was indebted in the amount of $4000, had been there before me, looked the ground over and left on the next train, abandoning his mission as hopeless for the time being.

I was not "making trains," and frankly told the storekeeper that I had come to stay until I could go away with the firm's money in my pocket. When he grasped the situation, he disclosed all his private business affairs to me, and I found he owned the local grain elevator, the hay scales and other "outside deals." Then I secured from him an option on these, went to other men in the town and disposed of them. This reduced his account by several hundred dollars.

Then I made a list of the accounts he held against farmers and other residents, secured the notes of the most responsible debtors, and discounted their paper at the bank. Finally I took back to Chicago a number of pieces of valuable dress goods of which the merchant had an overstock. All these things satisfied the claim which I had been sent to collect.

It was a proud moment for me when I went into Mr. Leiter's private office and gave an account of my week in the prairie town collecting a bad debt. That trip had a strong and direct influence in my advancement. It taught me a lesson, and if it may do as much for any young man of to-day its narration is justified.

Occasionally employees count on their church and Sunday-school connections and activities as a means of impressing their employers with their worthiness. This is a misjudgment of human nature, and a mistake. Nor is this view any reflection on churches or religion—although it is an undeniable fact that to-day a man's credit is not strengthened by his church alliances. That which injures a young man's standing with his employer in this event is the fact that he seeks, directly or indirectly, to make business capital of his religious affiliations. It is not what a man believes or professes, but what he is and does that gives him standing and credit.

A man may make a fad of so good a thing as a Sunday-school, and it matters little what the fad followed by an employee may be, the moment its existence is known to the employer the latter regards it as an interloping interest likely to distract the mind from business. This feeling may be selfish, and perhaps unjust, but its recognition is not to be ignored by the discreet employee.

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The knowledge that an employee belongs to a club that is not distinctly beyond his means is not a detriment to his advancement. Often it is an advantage. An early marriage, unless unfortunate, is a benefit to the young salaried business man. It is difficult to conceive of an employer so devoid of human feeling that he will not take into consideration the dependent wives and children in dismissing and hiring employees. If compelled to choose between a single and a married man of equal merit, the conscientious employer will invariably select the latter. Generally he will even "stretch a point" in favor of the man of family.

The young man who saves and invests a portion of his earnings always commands the respect and confidence of his employer. While building and loan associations have done much to stimulate this spirit of prudence, I am convinced that good bonds offer a better, safer and more profitable medium of savings investment.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first in a series of three practical papers on The Making of a Merchant, by Mr. Higinbotham.

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The MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC

With *Pictures* by HARRISON FISHER

Chapter XXV

"I DIDN'T ask your father, after all," was one of the things that Thorpe said to his wife next day. He had the manner of one announcing a concession, albeit in an affable spirit, and she received the remark with a scant, silent nod.

Two days later he recurred to the subject. They were again upon the terrace, where he had been lounging in an easy-chair most of the day, with the books his sister had bid him read on a table beside him. He had glanced through some of them in a desultory fashion, cutting pages at random here and there, but for the most part he had looked straight before him at the broad landscape, mellowing now into soft browns and yellows under the mild, vague October sun. He had not thought much of the books, but he had a certain new sense of enjoyment in the fruits of this placid, abstracted rumination which perhaps they had helped to induce.

"About your father," he said now, as his wife, who had come out to speak with him on some other matter, was turning to go away again; "I'm afraid I annoyed you the other day by what I said."

"I have no recollection of it," she told him with tranquil politeness, over her shoulder.

He found himself all at once keenly desirous of a conversation on this topic. "But I *want* you to recollect," he said, as he rose to his feet. There was a suggestion of urgency in his tone which arrested her attention. She moved toward the chair, and perched herself upon one of its big arms, and looked up at him where he leaned against the parapet.

"I've thought of it a good deal," he went on, in halting explanation. His purpose seemed clearer to him than were the right phrases in which to define it. "I persisted in saying that I'd do something you didn't want me to—something that was more your affair than mine—and I've blamed myself for it. That isn't at all what I want to do."

Her face as well as her silence showed her to be at a loss for an appropriate comment. She was plainly surprised, and seemingly embarrassed as well.

"I'm sure you always wish to be nice," she said at last. The words and tone were alike gracious, but he detected in them somewhere a perfunctory note.

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"Oh—nice!" he echoed, in a sudden stress of impatience with the word. "Hang being 'nice'! Anybody can be 'nice.' I'm thinking of something ten thousand times bigger than being 'nice.'"

"I withdraw the word immediately—unreservedly," she put in, with a smile in which he read that genial mockery he knew so well.

"You laugh at me—whenever I try to talk seriously," he objected.

"I laugh?" she queried, with an upward glance of demurely simulated amazement. "Impossible! I assure you I've forgotten how."

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Market-Place began in the issue of the POST for December 17, 1898.

"Ah, now we get to it!" he broke out with energy. "You're really feeling about it just as I am. You're not satisfied with what we're doing—with the life we're leading—any more than I am. I see that plain enough now. I didn't dream of it before. Somehow I got the idea that you were enjoying it—the greenhouses and gardens and all that sort of thing. And do you know who put me right—who told me you hated it?"

—with the books his sister had bid him read

"Oh, don't let us talk of *him!*" Edith exclaimed swiftly.

Thorpe laughed. "You're wrong. It wasn't your father. I didn't see him. No—it was my sister. She's never seen you, but all the same she knew enough to give me points. She told me I was a fool to suppose you were happy here."

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"How clever of her!" A certain bantering smile accompanied the words, but on the instant it faded away. She went on with a musing gravity. "I'm sorry I don't get to know your sister. She seems an extremely real sort of person. I can understand that she might be difficult to live with—I dare say all genuine characters are—but she's very real. Although, apparently, conversation isn't her strong point, still I enjoy talking with her."

"How do you mean?" Thorpe asked, knitting his brows in puzzlement.

"Oh, I often go to her shop—or did when I was in town. I went almost immediately after our—our return to England. I was half afraid she would recognize me—the portraits in the papers, you know—but apparently she didn't. And it's splendid—the way she says absolutely nothing more than it's necessary to say. And her candor! If she thinks books are bad, she says so. Fancy that!"

He still frowned uneasily as he looked down at her. "You never mentioned to me that you had gone there," he told her as if in reproach.

"Ah, it was complicated," Edith explained. "She objects to knowing me—I think secretly I respect her a great deal for that—and therefore there is something clandestine about my getting to know her—and I could not be sure how it would impress you, and it seemed best not to mention it."

"It isn't that alone," he declared, grave-faced still, but with a softer voice. "Do you remember what I said the other day? It would make all the difference in the world to me, if—if you were really—actually my other half!"

The phrase which he had caught at seemed, as it fell upon the air, to impregnate it with some benumbing quality. The

husband and wife looked dumbly, almost vacantly, at one another for what appeared a long time.

"I mean——" all at once Thorpe found tongue, and even a sort of fluency, as he progressed—"I mean, if you shared things really with me! Oh, I'm not complaining; you mustn't think that. The agreement we made at the start—you've kept your part of it perfectly. You've done better than that; you've kept still about the fact that it made you unhappy."

"Oh, no," she interposed gently. "It is not the fact that it has made me unhappy."

"Well—discontented, then," he resumed without pause. "Here we are. We do the things we want to do—we make the kind of home for ourselves that we've agreed we would like—and then it turns out that somehow it doesn't come up to expectations. You get tired of it, I suppose, if the truth were known. I'm by way of being tired of it, too. Well, if you look at it, that fact is the most important thing in the world for both of us. It's the one thing that we ought to be most anxious to discuss, and examine frankly in all its bearings—in order to see if we can't better it; but that's precisely the thing that doesn't get talked about between us. You would never have told me that you were unhappy——"

"You use the word again," she reminded him, a wan smile softening her protest.

Thorpe stood up, and took a slow step toward the chair. He held her glance with his own, as he stood then, his head bent, gravely regarding her.

"Do you tell me that you are happy?" he asked with sober directness.

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She fluttered her hands in a little restrained gesture of comment. "You consider only the extremes," she told him. "Between black and white there are so many colors and shades and half-tones! the whole spectrum, in fact. Hardly anybody, I should think, gets over the edge into the true black or the true white. There are always tints, modifications. People are always inside the color-scheme, so to speak. The worst that can be said of me is that I may be in the blues—in the light blues—but it is fair to remember that they photograph white."

Though there was an impulse within him to resent this as trifling, he resisted it, and judicially considered her allegory. "That is to say——" he began hesitatingly.

"To the observer I am happy. To myself I am not unhappy."

"Why don't you tell me, Edith, just where you are?"

The sound of her name was somewhat unfamiliar to their discourse. The intonation which his voice gave to it now caused her to look up quickly.

"If I could tell myself," she answered him, after an instant's thought, "pray believe that I would tell you."

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The way seemed for the moment blocked before him, and he sighed heavily. "I wanted to get nearer to you," he said with gloom, "and I don't!"

It occurred to her to remark: "You take exception to my phraseology when I say you always try to be 'nice,' but I'm sure you know what I mean." She offered him this assurance with a tentative smile, into which he gazed moodily.

"You didn't think I was 'nice' when you consented to marry me," he was suddenly inspired to say. "I can't imagine your applying that word to me then in your own mind. God knows what it was you did say to yourself about me, but you never said I was 'nice.' That was the last word that would have fitted me then—and now it's the only one you can think of." The hint that somehow he had stumbled upon a clue to the mysteries enveloping him rose to prominence in his mind as he spoke. The year had wrought a baffling difference in him. He lacked something now that then he had possessed, but he was powerless to define it.

He seated himself again in the chair, and put his hand through her arm to keep her where she lightly rested beside him. "Will you tell me," he said, with a kind of sombre gentleness, "what the word is that you would have used then? I know you wouldn't—couldn't—have called me nice. What would you have called me?"

She paused in silence for a little, and then slipped from the chair and stood erect, still leaving her wrist within the restraining curve of his fingers. "I suppose," she said musingly, "I suppose I should have said 'powerful,' or 'strong.'" Then she released her arm and in turn moved to the parapet.

"And I am weak now—I am 'nice,'" he reflected.

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In the profile he saw, as she looked away at the vast distant horizon, there was something pensive, even sad. She did not speak at once, and as he gazed at her more narrowly it seemed as if her lips were quivering. A new sense of her great beauty came to him, and with it a hint that for the instant, at least, her guard was down. He sprang to his feet and stood beside her.

"You *are* going to be open with me—Edith!" he pleaded softly.

She turned from him a little as if to hide the signs of her agitation. "Oh, what is there to say?" she demanded in a tone which was almost a wail. "It is not your fault. I'm not blaming you."

"*What* is not my fault?" he persisted with patient gentleness.

Suddenly she confronted him. There were the traces of tears upon her lashes, and serenity had fled from her face. "It is a mistake—a blunder," she began hurriedly. "I take it all upon my own shoulders. I was the one who did it. I should have had more judgment—more good sense!"

"You are not telling me, are you," he asked with gravity, "that you are sorry you married me?"

"Is either of us glad?" she retorted breathlessly. "What is there to be glad about? You are bored to death—you confess it. And I—well, it is not what I thought it would be. I deceived myself. I do not reproach you."

"No, you keep saying that," he observed with gloomy slowness of utterance. "But what is it you reproach yourself with, then? We might as well have it out."

"Yes," she assented, with a swift reversion to calm. Her eyes met his with a glance which had in it an implacable

"I'VE BEEN LEARNING ALL SORTS OF TRICKS HERE, AND GETTING MYSELF INTO YOUR WAYS OF LIFE"

frankness. "I married one man because he would be able to make me a Duchess. I married another because he had eighty thousand a year. That is the kind of beast I am. There is bad blood in me. You know my father; that is quite enough. I am his daughter; that explains everything."

The exaggeration of her tone and words produced a curious effect upon him. He stared at her for a little, perceiving slowly that a new personage was being revealed to him. The mask of delicately balanced cynicism, of amiably polite indifference, had been lifted; there was a woman of flesh and blood beneath it, after all—a woman to whom he could talk on terms of intimacy.

"Rubbish!" he said, and his big face lightened into a genial, paternal smile. "You didn't marry me for my money at all! What nonsense! I simply came along and carried you off. You couldn't help yourself. It would have been the same if I hadn't had sixpence."

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To his sharp scrutiny there seemed to flicker in her eyes a kind of answering gleam. Then she hastily averted her glance, and in this action, too, there was a warrant for his mounting confidence.

"The trouble has been," he declared, "that I've been too much afraid of you. I've thought that you were made of much finer stuff than I am—that you mustn't be touched. That was all a mistake. I see it right enough now. You *are* finer than I am—there's no dispute about that—but that's no reason why I should have hung up signs of 'Hands off!' all around you, and been frightened by them myself. I had the nerve to capture you and carry you off—and I ought to have had the pluck to make you love me afterward, and keep it up. And that's what I'm going to do!"

To this declaration she offered no immediate reply, but continued to gaze with a vaguely meditative air upon the expanse of landscape spread before them. He threw a hasty glance over the windows behind him, and then with assurance passed his arm around her waist. He could not say that there was any responsive yielding to his embrace, but he did affirm to himself with new conviction, as he looked down upon the fair small head at his shoulder, with its lovely pale-brown hair drawn softly over the temples, and its glimpse of the matchless profile inclined beneath, that it was all right.

He waited for a long time with a joyous patience for her to speak. The mere fact that she stood beneath his engirding arm and gave no thought to the potential servants' eyes behind them was enough for present happiness. He regarded the illimitable picture commanded from his terrace with refreshed eyes; it was once again the finest view in England—and something much more than that besides.

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At last, abruptly, she laughed aloud—a silvery, amused little laugh under her breath. "How comedy and tragedy tread forever on each other's heels!" she remarked. Her tone was philosophically gay, but upon reflection he did not wholly like her words.

"There wasn't any tragedy," he said, "and there isn't any comedy."

She laughed again. "Oh, don't say that this doesn't appeal to your sense of humor!" she urged with mock fervor.

Thorpe sighed in such unaffected depression at this that she seemed touched by his mood. Without stirring from his hold she lifted her face. "Don't think I'm hateful," she bade him, and her eyes were very kind. "There's more truth in what you've been saying than even you imagine. It really wasn't the money—or I mean it might easily have been the same if there had been no money. But how shall I explain it? I am attracted by a big, bold, strong pirate, let us say; but as soon as he has carried me off—that is the phrase for it—then he straightway renounces crime, and becomes a law-abiding, peaceful citizen. My buccaneer transforms himself under my very eyes into an alderman! Do you say there is no comedy in that—and tragedy, too?"

"Oh, put it that way and it's all right," he declared after a moment's consideration. "I've got as much fun in me as anybody else," he went on, "only your jokes have a way of raising blisters on me somehow. But that's all done with now. That's because I didn't know you—was frightened of you. But I ain't scared any more. Everything is different!"

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With a certain graciousness of lingering movement she withdrew herself from his clasp and faced him with a doubtful smile. "Ah, don't be too sure," she murmured.

"Everything *is* different!" he repeated with confident emphasis. "Don't you see yourself it is?"

"You say it is," she replied hesitatingly; "but that alone doesn't make it so. The assertion that life isn't empty doesn't fill it."

"Ah, but *now* you will talk with me about all that," he broke in triumphantly. "We've been standing off with one another. We've been of no help to each other. But we'll change that now. We'll talk over everything together. We'll make up our minds exactly what we want to do to help people with all this money; then I'll tuck you under my arm and we'll set out and do it."

She smiled with kindly tolerance for his newborn enthusiasm. "Don't count on me for too much wisdom or invention," she warned him. "If things are to be done, if you really intend to clean out the slums and all that sort of thing, you are still the one who will have to plan it. But undoubtedly you are at your best when you are doing things. This really has been no sort of life for you, here."

He gathered her arm into his. "Come and show me your greenhouses," he said, and began walking toward the end of the terrace. "It'll turn out to have been all right for me, this year that I've spent here," he continued as they strolled along. There was a delightful consciousness of new intimacy conveyed by the very touch of her arm which filled his tone with buoyancy. "I've been learning all sorts of tricks here, and getting myself into your ways of life. It's all been good training. In every way I'm a better man than I was."

(THE END)

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The Sinews of Peace

IT IS one of our numerous boasts that the United States is the only country which, shut up within itself, could feed its increasing greatness from its own larder and work out the problem of a mighty civilization with its own men and materials. In its three million square miles is all that is necessary for human progress, and it has only scratched the surface of its resources.

But naturally we are not satisfied, and thus we have invaded the markets of the world. The astonishment of our rivals takes us back to history. Each century has its climax. A hundred years ago it was the problem of free government, and the American, led through instinctive confidence—for he was very poor in those days—plunged boldly along the path of destiny, and, if the truth must be told, did considerable whistling to keep his courage up. But the more the others laughed and the more they predicted that he would fall, the louder he whistled and the higher he held his head. In the estimation of his critics his task was impossible, but he was the man who thrived on impossibilities, and thus he did his work and solved the problem.

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At the rounding out of the nineteenth century he again astonished mankind by the way he handled his difficulties with a foreign foe. In the troubles with Spain he had the sinews of war by which the contest became a direct and unbroken triumph. But far greater are the sinews of peace by which he is conquering the entire world. Again, his critics say he cannot take contracts for bridges and railroads from the biggest builders of their own governments, that it is utterly impossible for him to fulfill the conditions in the given time or upon the terms—and he simply shows how impossible it is by going ahead and doing it.

So we see the dawn of a new leadership in the coming of the new century. It is the conquest of the industrial world by the sinews of peace. A hundred years ago the men who solved the problem of free government were young men and men in the prime of life. The thing that most impressed a distinguished foreign expert a few weeks since was that the great work of American industries was being directed and done by young men. And it is so. They have the same kind of nerve that stormed the hills around Santiago, although it is more quietly used. The Spaniards exclaimed, "Why, they tried to catch us with their hands." The British exclaim, "They take our contracts under our very noses." The great fact is that our industries are superbly manned, and thus growing out of the new development, the figure of the situation is not the millionaire who talks philanthropy, not the promoter who makes artificial billions over night, not the politician who tries to place the wealth on his platform and give to his party the credit for all that happens for the best; but the strong, alert and self-reliant worker who does things, and does them better and quicker than anybody else.

So here we have the sinews of peace—resources and the man who has the brain and the muscle to get the most out of them. To this we may add that indefinable but actual and necessary thing called confidence, the spirit of belief that sets the dollar rolling and makes the wheels go round. And with this are other blessings. For every profitable enterprise there is money. Capital and labor were never closer together either in sympathy or dependence. The touch of the new prosperity has made every interest kin and placed a golden crown on the glories of the war. When all is buoyant there is small profit in listening to the croaker or pessimist, for we cannot tell at what moment the wave of prosperity will even roll his way and sweep him to a happier and sweeter serenity. —LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

* * *

The Dignity of Self-Reliance

SELF-CONFIDENCE, without self-reliance, is as useless as a cooking recipe,—without food. Self-confidence sees the possibilities of the individual; self-reliance realizes them. Self-confidence sees the angel in the unhewn block of marble; self-reliance carves it out.

Life is an individual problem that man must solve for himself. Nature accepts no vicarious sacrifice, no vicarious service. Nature never recognizes a proxy vote. She has nothing to do with middlemen,—she deals only with the individual. Nature is constantly seeking to show man that he is his own best friend or his own worst enemy. Nature gives man the option of which he will be to himself.

All the athletic exercises in the world are of no value to the individual unless he compel those bars and dumbbells to yield to him, in strength and muscle, the power for which he, himself, pays in time and effort. He cannot develop his muscles by sending his valet to a gymnasium.

The medicine-chests of the world are powerless in all their united efforts to help the individual until he reach out and take for himself what is needed for his individual weakness.

All the religions of the world are but speculations in morals, mere theories of salvation, until the individual realizes that he must save himself by relying on the law of truth, as he sees it, and living his life in harmony with it, as fully as he can. But religion is not a Pullman car, with soft-cushioned seats, where he has but to pay for his ticket,—and some one else does all the rest. In religion, as in all other great things, he is ever thrown back on his self-reliance. He should accept all helps, but,—he must live his own life. He should not feel that he is a mere passenger; he is the engineer and the train is his life. We must rely on ourselves, or we merely drift through existence,—losing all that is best, all that is greatest, all that is divine.

The man who is not self-reliant is weak, hesitating and doubting in all he does. He fears to take a decisive step, because he dreads failure, because he is waiting for some one to advise him, or because he dare not act in accordance with his own best judgment. In his cowardice and his conceit he sees all his non-success due to others. He is "not appreciated," "not recognized," he is "kept down." He feels that "society is conspiring against him." He grows almost vain as he thinks that no one has had such poverty, such sorrow, such affliction, such failure as have come to him.

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The man who is self-reliant seeks ever to discover and conquer the weakness within him that keeps him from the attainment of what he holds dearest; he seeks within himself the power to battle against all outside influences. He never stupefies his energies by the narcotic of excuses for inactivity. He realizes that all the greatest men in history, in every phase of human effort, have been those who have had to fight against the odds of sickness, suffering, sorrow. To him, defeat is no more than passing through a tunnel is to a traveler,—he knows he must emerge again into the sunlight.

The nation that is strongest is the one that is most self-reliant, the one that contains within its boundaries all that its people need. If, with its ports all blockaded, it has not within itself the necessities of life and the elements of its continual progress,—then it is weak, held by the enemy, and it is but a question of time till it must surrender. Its independence is in proportion to its self-reliance, to its power to sustain itself from within. What is true of nations is true of individuals. History is the biography of a nation; biography is the history of an individual. So it must be that the individual is most strong in any trial, sorrow or need that can live from his inherent strength, that needs no scaffolding of commonplace sympathy to uphold him.

Man to be great must be self-reliant. Though he may not be self-reliant in all things, he must be self-reliant in the one in which he would be great. This self-reliance is not the self-sufficiency of conceit. It is daring to stand alone. Be an oak, not a vine. Be ready to give support, but do not crave it; do not be dependent on it. To develop your self-reliance, you must see from the very beginning that life is a battle you must fight for yourself,—you must be your own soldier. You cannot buy a substitute, you cannot win a reprieve, you can never be placed on the retired list. The retired list of life is,—death. The world is busy with its own cares, sorrows and joys, and pays little heed to you. There is but one great password to success,—self-reliance.

The man who is self-reliant does not live in the shadow of some one else's greatness; he thinks for himself, depends on himself, and acts for himself. In throwing the individual thus back upon himself it is not shutting his eyes to the stimulus and light and new life that come with the warm pressure of the hand, the kindly word, and the sincere expressions of true friendship. True friendship is rare. Its great value is in a crisis,—like a lifeboat. Many a boasted friend has proved a leaking, worthless "lifeboat" when the storm of adversity might make him useful. In these great crises of life, man is strong only as he is strong from within, and the more he depends on himself the stronger will he become, and the more able will he be to help others in the hour of their need. His very life will be a help and a strength to others, as he becomes to them a living lesson of,—the dignity of self-reliance. —WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

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The Lungs of the City

WITH the country half a mile up the street, with fruit trees a-bloom in every yard, with flowers rioting against the doorstones, with trees shading the main thoroughfares, with houses not more than three stories high and none of them in blocks to hide the sun and sky and keep off the air, it could hardly be said that the absence of a park entailed suffering on the people. And that was the sort of town that our largest American cities were almost within the memory of living men. Now, all is changed. The tremendous inrush of immigration, nearly all of it to the cities, has compelled the erection of tenements to accommodate it. The increase and centralization of business has created a new architecture, in which steel has as great a part as stone, and our streets are, therefore, lined in one quarter with six-story barracks, noisy, noisome, teeming, and in other parts of the city with sky scrapers reaching 250 feet toward the heavens. Add to this the fouling of the air from smoke, gas and dust to a degree our grandfathers never dreamed of, add the nerve-destroying hubbub of our shops and streets, add the heat absorbed in our fierce summers and given off throughout the airless nights, add the distractions of street travel and freighting that must increase with the increase of the cities, and we are forced to the conclusion that the park is as much a necessity of the modern town as the church, the hospital, the library or the school, for in a measure it supplements all of these, and accords with the best they do.

Possibly the indifference shown by some local statesmen to the institution of pleasure grounds arises from the numbness in their heads where the esthetic faculty should be. Beauty, they would say, is a thing we can do without. There is no money in it for anybody, and it is no part of a public duty to provide it. Yet, imagine a city without it—even such a city as we see in our daily walks abroad, on which the advertiser and otherwise money-maker has exercised his despite! But it is not merely as a creator and stimulator of beauty that the park approves itself: it is as a creator of health. Liberty is a prime essential to the well-being of a people, yet in our cities we have multitudes of children who know liberty only as a name. Their only liberty is that afforded by a few yards of street, always unclean, never at peace. Is it any wonder that so many children grow white and rickety, and are old at ten? There are really boys and girls who do not know what gardens are, or lawns, or ornamental waters, or groves. Poor little creatures! Is it not as if they had never known their parents?

The effect of a park is purifying, energizing, yet calming on those who use it. Notice the people when they enter it; how their eyes lift from the pavement, and seek the treetops and the heavens, how their noses dilate as they pass a bed of hyacinths, how they straighten and breathe deep as the fresh air blows across the meadows, how the children romp and shout, how the ramblers smile and chatter, what relief the dreamer and idler seem to find in the quiet paths! For this inclosure stands for all the outside world. For thousands it is great Nature herself. Here on the turf they bask in the smile of the universal mother. Here they learn all they are apt to know of clear skies, of the miracles of growth and rest that the changing seasons bring; here they bask in color and fragrance such as never penetrate alleys and courts.

It is for children that we especially need open spaces and playgrounds. The confining of small people to the few rooms they must call their homes and to the crowded street is a crime toward them. There can be no generous growth of a man, or of a mind, or of a soul without touch with Nature. There can be no proper bodily growth without room for action. The child cannot play ball in the street, for if he tries it he will smash windows and injure people who are passing, but if he does not have recreation he will do more injury, for his overflowing vitality will wreak itself in sin. This was exemplified by the gamin who was arrested for smashing the stained glass windows of a church. Asked what motive he could have for doing such a damage he replied, "Why, there wan't nothin' else to do." It is a fact that when a small park has been bestowed upon a crowded region, righteousness has entered that district with the sunlight. The children are quieter and more content, the death rate lessens, the people drink less, there are fewer displays of brutality, the number of arrests diminishes.

When a practical result like that can be shown the objection to the cost of parks is set aside, for the ultimate expense of sin is greater by far than any other borne by our communities. Air, light, quiet, the blessed green of grass and trees—they are salvation. —CHARLES M. SKINNER.

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The Automobile as a Reformer

THERE is one point in the introduction of the automobile which is not generally noted, and that is the effect of the vehicle upon the human character. The automobile as a moral agent is not recognized, yet it is easy to see the influence it will exert upon one of the most evil tendencies in human nature—cruelty.

Any one who has ever ridden and suffered in a horse car, a horse car going up hill in bad weather, has appreciated the change to an electric motor. The driver of the horse car has always before him two living creatures, captives to his bow and spear, as it were—at least, to his bit and rein; and the only means whereby his own energy can affect the chariot he is driving is through the brake that checks and the beasts that draw.

Thwarted energy always irritates—which is only another way of saying that friction produces heat; and where the means of promoting the activity of your motive power is by hurting it, there is a constant temptation to turn pain to speed. The motorman has no whip. It does no good to his battery to kick it. If his machinery does not work to suit him, he has to use a more complex tool than a club and more patience than profanity. He may be at the start no gentler man than was the driver when he started; but the process of running an engine develops different qualities from the process of driving a horse, and they differ most in this—that there is no room for cruelty.

The cab-driver is as good an instance as the car-driver. He "sits up aloft" in most uncherubic guise; and far below is his four-legged motor, whose own desires lead him to seek much needed rest rather than prolonged exercise. But the "fare" desires speed, the driver desires pay, and the mechanical connection between desire and execution is a long, stinging whip. The horse, being smitten smartly in his tenderer parts, responds with increased speed, and the daily habit of using pain as a motive power naturally develops that indifference to pain in others, even pleasure in inflicting it. This we call cruelty.

Not so the director of an automobile. He may not smite his motor. If he does, it has no result in speed, and may cost money in repairs. His own desire to produce speed that his patron may reward him now tends to develop skill and accuracy in managing his motor and patience in adjusting his own uncertain forces to the steady power beneath him. He is dealing with the laws of physics now, not seeking to coerce an intervening will.

The use of mechanical motors for our city traffic will raise the moral standard of the whole community. We shall all be nobler when the whip is utterly outgrown.

—CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

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Let the People Vote on Principles

IF THE Republicans shall renominate McKinley for President, and the Democrats shall renominate Bryan, what will be the action at the polls of those voters who oppose both silver and the policy in the Philippines, or of those who favor silver and the upholding of the Philippine régime? Manifestly, in this land of boasted popular freedom, the voter in either of these classes will be forced to decide which of the two issues (Philippines and currency) is the more important to him, vote for that issue and stultify himself on the other. It is of course possible that we may have a third candidate who represents "sound money" and an opposition to President McKinley's methods in the far Eastern islands, but that would afford no relief to the man who desired to vote for free silver and expansion, and would be of little benefit to the Republicans, who would fear that by deserting McKinley they would elect Bryan.

The election law of the United States should be so amended as to permit the people to vote on issues at every Presidential election at least. It would not be necessary to give executive force to the verdicts so registered—in fact, that would be inadvisable, because there is a saving conservatism in the individual liberty possessed by the official representative of the people, to oppose their wishes if his conscience commands and his courage suffices. Few Presidents, Senators or Representatives in Congress would care to stray far from the lines drawn by the voters at the polls, and the result would be a responsible government.

The people of this free country ought to have a chance to at least suggest a line of conduct to their representatives; they ought, in an election like that of 1900, to be given an opportunity to explain their votes. —FRED NYE.

LETTERS to the EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post

In your comment on a letter pleading for the recognition of duty as a noble motive power you say: "There is no single instance where love could not be made the working motive." Now, in speaking of love as the higher and nobler motive power in any act as compared with duty, most people, all, I may say, to my knowledge, seem to take for granted that one can always choose the feeling that prompts his action.

It seems to me a false premise, we cannot always love a person or a certain work. We may compel ourselves from a sense of duty to give a place in our home and be kind to a person for whom we cannot compel a love to spring up in our hearts.

A lady once said: "We have and deserve no credit for doing anything we do not love to do." How then must we find courage to go on doing the disagreeable things we must do from a sense of duty, when they are therefore so much harder to do than they would be if our hearts were full of love that overflowed uncontrollably in that way?

Love! Love, it seems to me, is a much-abased word, a much-persecuted emotion. It is always: we must love so and so, we must love to do such and such things. When we do not love, we cannot love unless the blessed pass on spring up unbidden within our hearts. Let any one try and try for years to love one utterly uncongenial to him and tell of his success! We may cherish an unloved one tenderly, perform for him or her menial services from a sense of duty, but love cannot be planted as a grain of wheat, a plant or flower, and coaxed into vigorous growth, except the seed be there, that strange vital spark that falls upon the heart from out the wide universe as the thistle-down floats airily, waywardly, hither and thither, and falls when and where we know not. Much blame falls upon tortured hearts sometimes because they fail to love where duty points, or do love where they should not. Many hearts long unutterably for the love of another they are powerless to win, or compel, wondering at their failure with a dazed wonder that love so great as theirs brings not the desired boon.

Sometimes "'tis pitiful, 'tis wondrous pitiful," and no one to blame. Give, then, to stern, sad-faced duty the honor she deserves. Uncheered by love, she stands at her post, and surely it is nobler to do a hard thing simply because it is duty than to perform the same from the golden throne of royal love.

A young mother said, "Harold is so trying to my nerves, while Dorothy soothes me." Poor little Harold! Much the lovelier and sweeter of the two, but with that unfortunate something of temperament that irritates other people, and he only a tiny, innocent, unconscious child!

The world is full of such natures. They set on edge the teeth of all the people they meet and they do not know it, nor how to help it. They do not know they make life harder for everybody with whom they live. This is something the new science of vibrations, or that of electrical planes of different degrees may solve in the future, but for the present it is at the bottom of some of the difficulties in the way of putting love to the fore and giving duty a back seat.

MRS. E. O. MURRAY.

Mount Vernon, Ohio.

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Editor Saturday Evening Post

In the issue of April 1, a letter above the signature Nemo bears on a subject in which I feel an interest, for the reason that it seems to parallel past experiences of my own. I know well and have felt keenly the mind and heart hunger which some natures suffer in the barrenness of their lives.

During the ten years when a young woman ordinarily sanctifies her character and develops in different directions, I was debarred by reason of physical disability and circumscribed privilege from almost everything which satisfies yearnings for harmonious conditions. As I look back upon the mute misery of that period I perceive that the one thing which kept me from deepest despair was the fact that my part in the weary round of housework—the only thing left to me—was essential to the welfare of others.

Friends were in college growing far away from me intellectually, and the pain in my eyes prevented me almost entirely from reading. The Editor's Note suggests the only remedy, for it was in absorbing myself in the affairs and interests of others that I found healing. I seem hardly to have lived my own life, so thoroughly did I learn to identify my interests with those of others. Through it all was the comfort of the thought, "Whom He loveth He chasteneth." I said to myself, "God must want me for something or He would not give me such severe discipline," and though I could see nothing but self-immolation in prospect I had a sense of preparation. I believe the best preparation for greater future usefulness is to fill as well as possible the present small but hard places. I can truly say that my endeavor was faithful and patient. The waiting was long, but my strength gradually increased, oculists were more successful, and when I was ready the change came.

Success in the first venture brought me into larger things, and now I am a very happy woman, because out of the gloom of the past I have emerged to a fuller, brighter day, when trials are dwarfed by recollections, and opportunities and friendships are more prized from former limitations. No one could ever know the heart history of those years. My youth is gone, but I see a possibility of fruitful, hopeful years before me—

"The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was planned."

Take heart, friend, "trust God, see all, nor be afraid."

Detroit, Michigan. S. H.

[Here we have a great sermon preached by a noble life. It is a living answer to the pessimism of existence.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post,

In a recent editorial you state that there are few leading statesmen to-day who do not admit that conferring suffrage indiscriminately upon the negro was a "mistake," an error, but that now that the error, the mistake, has become a part of the Constitution of our country, it remains only to make the best of the situation.

As a workingman, one whose glory is that he has always earned his bread by the sweat of his own face, I object decidedly to the thought that such error has been made.

I may admit that suffrage should not be granted indiscriminately; yet I trust American workingmen will never submit to be counted out by reason of color, creed or racial accidents still less for property or educational conditions. That man is not uneducated who in his calling can plow a true and straight furrow. Nor is he poor who acknowledges supreme allegiance to God alone, in loyalty to his fellowmen, to his country, and to the trust his station accords to him.

Discrimination against the poor, the ignorant and against the laborer has cost our country dear in the past. Let us now acknowledge that fact and take up the white man's burden hereafter to some holy purpose.

T. G. CLAY.

Napoleon, Ohio.

[Mr Clay's reference is to a statement made in an editorial contribution by Mr. E. C. Howland, who said that "the best and truest friends of the colored citizen would to-day, if they were to speak frankly, pronounce the wholesale and indiscriminate conference of the franchise of the suffrage a mistake," and further, that "it is acknowledged as an error by all our leading statesmen." Mr. Howland undoubtedly spoke from his wide acquaintance with the public men of the day when he wrote this, but he added "Once committed and embodied in our fundamental law the sequence must be faced by the nation." So, whatever may be the opinion about the past, there is no question whatever about the duty of the present and the future. The great improvement in the election laws of most of the States is protecting the ballot better every day, and this very fact seems to be operating against those who would restrict the suffrage by property or educational qualifications. At the same time, the ranks of those who believe in such restriction include a great many intelligent citizens.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post

One characteristic I have noticed in some of the [illegible] I have met. They have no faith or confidence in the future. They look on marriage, for example, as something not to be thought of until they have accumulated a small fortune. The remedy for this condition of things is to be found in a thoroughly well-grounded faith and belief in the Providence of God and in His watchful care of all of us. If a young man has this faith he will not be afraid to undertake any position in life to which he may feel himself called. He will always find a way to make ends meet and a friend in time of adversity. He will find things will come easier than he had any idea of, and also that he can absolutely depend on the promises contained in the Holy Book. A living, every-day confidence in the Divine Word is what is the crying need of this present time, and he who has that faith and confidence will never find himself disappointed. These thoughts came to me after reading an article called Calmness in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. To my mind a man can be perfectly tranquil only when he has acquired [illegible] confidence in the wisdom and goodness of our Heavenly Father. Then only can he—like the early martyrs—suffer all things and cheerfully endure any amount of hardship. Such a man has, I imagine, a foresight of Heaven, and to him any worldly trials or misfortunes are only so many more jewels to be added to the crown of glory to be given to those who fight the good fight to the end. This life as viewed in the light of such a faith can be made one grand prayer, one continuous sacrifice to God, and cannot fail to win an honorable place both in this world and the next.

JOHN J. [illegible]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post

I have read with much interest the letter from L. E. B., of Chicago, Illinois, on the subject of trusts.

The trust idea is an outgrowth of present conditions and a tendency of the time which cannot be successfully dealt with by legislation tending toward its suppression. Nor can the price of the product of the trust be arbitrarily fixed.

I believe the ultimate solution will come through Governmental supervision of production and distribution, which will have for its purpose the preservation of a proper relation between the cost of production and distribution on the one hand and on the other the price of the commodity to the consumer; this Governmental control and supervision keeping in view the energy, enterprise and capital which is invested in the business and reserving to the capitalist reasonable compensation for all of these items.

This view will impress the average observer as extreme at the first glance, but the greatest good to the greatest number and the right of a community at all times to protect itself against undue aggression are sufficient motives, both in justice and expediency, to warrant this course, or one having a similar end in view. Such measures are, however, in the future, and cannot be successfully promulgated until the present course of the capitalist has reached its logical—but by him unexpected—result, of educating the people to the point where they will demand honest men in office and at least comparative honesty in politics.

ANDREW COLVIN

New Baltimore, New York

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The Fighting Filipinos

By RAMON REYES LALA

IN THE six hundred habitable islands that form the Philippine group there are no less than thirty distinct tribes, each having its own ethnological distinctions, its own dialect and traditions, and its own tribal government.

The most civilized and most numerous of these tribes are the Tagalos, the Visayans and the Moros of Sulu. The Tagalos inhabit Luzon, and are by far the most advanced of all the Filipinos. They have been under the influence of Spain for more than three centuries, and have developed a civilization—half Oriental, half European—that in many respects is truly admirable. The early Spanish missionaries from Mexico were of great benefit to them. They introduced the use of maize and wheat and taught the natives how to cultivate the cereals. From them also the Tagalos learned the art of weaving, and now in nearly every hut in Luzon one will find a bamboo loom, upon which are woven fabrics of cotton, silk, hemp, bamboo and pina, the fibre of the pine-apple leaf, a beautiful and durable native fabric.

The Tagalos have become the representative Filipinos, though they form but a small part of the native population. Aguinaldo, Antonio Luna, Mabini, Buencamino, Paterno and the other insurgent leaders belong to this tribe. The upper classes of the Tagalos, among whom are many wealthy, able and distinguished men, are almost without exception in favor of a protectorate, or annexation.

The Tagalos, the most civilized of all the Filipino tribes, show what our people are capable of. Among them are to be found all the refinements of a luxurious civilization. We have hundreds of doctors, lawyers and other professional men, educated in the best universities of Europe. We have poets, artists and musicians, who have excited the admiration of travelers and the wonder of other peoples. We have our large planters, our progressive business men, and our great merchants.

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Of the wild denizens of the mountain fastnesses of Luzon very little is known. The weapons of these savages are extremely crude, and useless when employed against modern arms. Aguinaldo's placing of a body of Igorrotes, armed with bows and arrows, at the head of a forlorn hope against the destructive front of the American artillery, was a ghastly joke that made the nations laugh—one, however, that the Igorrotes will not soon forget.

The Igorrotes are a people of great natural force. They are of Malay and negro origin, and are purer and fiercer than the Tagalos, who are a mixture of Hindu, Malay, Chinese and Japanese. The Igorrotes inhabit Northern Luzon—the far mountains and the wild jungles—where for centuries they have resisted every attempt to subdue them.

The Igorrotes are copper-colored and most of them wear their hair long. Their shoulders are powerful and their limbs, as a rule, are large and muscular. They have high cheek bones, flat noses and thick lips. They live in small, primitive huts and cultivate sugar-cane, rice and sweet potatoes. In some places they practice polygamy; murder is of frequent occurrence, and their family feuds are bitter and deadly. They are great cattle thieves, and are a source of perpetual annoyance to the domesticated natives in the valleys. They will be a standing menace to American progress in the regions occupied by them, and if they persevere in their refusal to be civilized they will have to be exterminated; but I believe this harsh alternative will not be found necessary.

In the northwestern part of Luzon are the wild Gaddanes, who are also a strong native race. They wear their hair down to their shoulders, and present a fine physical appearance. They are armed with long, sharp spears, but some carry bows and arrows which they use with remarkable effect.

The Gaddanes are great tuft-hunters and always take the scalps of their enemies who fall in battle. A young man's standing in his community is measured by the number of scalps in his possession. If he desires to win a girl, he presents her father with a number of these trophies as a proof of his valor.

The half-civilized Igorrote Chinese are a mixed tribe of the province of Pangasinan, in Luzon. They are half civilized, and have probably given more aid to the insurgents than any of the other savage tribes in the interior. They are descended from the Chinese pirates whom the celebrated buccaneer, Li-ma-hong, left behind him when he was expelled from the colony in 1574. They combine the shrewdness of the Chinaman with the fierceness of the Igorrote, but are capable of a much higher degree of civilization.

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In the district of El Abra, in Luzon, are the Tinguianes, who are a semi civilized people of great force of character, and are doubtless of Japanese and native origin. They tattoo their bodies, blacken their teeth, and, like the pure Tagalos, they are exceedingly fond of music. They are the handsomest natives of the islands. Their intelligent faces, with their large foreheads and aquiline noses, form a strong contrast to the flat faced Igorrotes. On the crown of the head they wear a tuft of hair like the Japanese. They are very fond of dress, and they take kindly to civilizing influences, but they prefer their own laws. The Spaniards wisely left them to govern themselves.

The Actas or Negritos—some of whom were with Aguinaldo in his first battles—are a mountain tribe, of African origin. They are supposed to be the aborigines, and with their black curly and matted hair resemble the natives of New Guinea. They go almost naked and have no sense of progress; they are of a low order of intellect, and are stupid, dwarfed and ugly. They subsist mainly by hunting.

With a long bamboo lance, a palmwood bow and a quiver of poisoned arrows the Negrito warrior is not an enemy to be despised. The Negritos never work for a thing when they can steal it; thus they swoop down upon the valley, steal all the cattle they can find, and carry their prey to their fastnesses in the mountains. They are a nomadic race, and never spend more than one season in the same place. Their villages are usually aggregations of about fifty families. Their rude thatched huts are built on strong bamboo poles high from the ground.

The Negritos are fast dying out, and their loss is not to be deplored, as they are utterly useless and barbarous. Many attempts have been made to civilize them, but all in vain. They refuse to work, and neither pay taxes nor submit to government interference of any kind. They have always been independent of Spanish domination, and will probably never be ruled by Americans.

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Their marriage custom is a most interesting one. A youth in love with a girl first finds out how he stands with the parents of his intended. If all is fair in that quarter he proceeds to take the girl in his arms. She at once breaks loose, however, and runs away. He follows and again catches her. Again she resists and flees from him. This is repeated until the girl, wearied with the play, finally yields.

The father of the girl then drags the youth up a rough ladder to the floor of the elevated hut; the mother follows with the daughter. The two young people are then made to kneel down, and the old man throws a cocoanut shell full of water over the pair. He next bumps their heads together, and they are considered man and wife. They then go away together and spend their honeymoon in the mountains, where they remain five days. After this they return to the every-day life of the village.

The Visayans inhabit the islands of the South. They hate the Tagalos bitterly, and would resent their rulership strongly. The Visayans are civilized, but they are far less ambitious and warlike than the Tagalos. The Americans will have little difficulty in pacifying them.

It may, however, be harder to deal with the Sulus, who inhabit the Sulu islands to the south of the archipelago. They are all Mohammedans, fierce and independent. They have for centuries warred with Spain, and have at last been vanquished into temporary acquiescence to Spanish rule. Diplomatic handling will obviate trouble and save this tribe, as well as the warlike races of Luzon, for American rulership and their own salvation.

IN THE GRIP OF THE TSAR

BY JULIAN RALPH

Pictures By Fred Lowenheim

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EVEN the manner of my meeting with Marianna Korolenko seemed romantic at the time, perhaps because I was so forlorn and lonely over there in St. Petersburg.

A blinding snow beat in the faces of all who were pursuing the same direction as I along the Nevska Prospect. Coming to a cross street, I saw that two droschkies were approaching at full speed in opposite directions, and would pass each other at the crossing. There wavered indistinctly in front of me, in the snow-burdened air, the figure of a young girl, and at the instant I looked at her I saw that she was hurrying past the back of one cab directly in front of the other, which she could not have seen.

I ran forward and caught her by the shoulder just in the nick of time. As I pulled her back one shaft of the droschky grazed her other shoulder. Then, both vehicles having passed, I led her across the street and paused in the shelter of a brightly lighted corner shop to receive her thanks and to summon to my aid, if possible, one of the phrases in my scanty stock of Russian which would meet the occasion.

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But she spoke in English.

"Why, you are the Englishky to whom my father teaches the Russian!" she said. "My name is Korolenko."

"This is really quite wonderful," said I, finding speech in my own language almost as difficult as I had expected it to be in hers.

"I thank you from my heart," said she. "I shall tell my father that you my life have preserved."

I told her that I was sure I had done no more than to save her a little bruising, and then she laughed, and so did I—and we became fast friends. I begged the privilege of guarding her until her home was reached, and at her door I was invited in. Thus I who had felt the awful solitude of a friendless man in a foreign land suddenly gained the entrée of a home and the friendship of a woman. Of a young and pretty woman, as well. Ah, me!

Illuminating whatever I say of this fascinating creature should be your consciousness that I was very young, even for my twenty-four years, unoccupied by any serious affairs and sentimental to the last degree. That was why I quickly came to giving up my days to thoughts of Marianna and my evenings to visiting her. She was of less than my age, the purest blonde I ever saw, with the bluest eyes and yellowest hair, in which the sunlight continued to glow from the setting of each day to the next one's beginning.

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I was attracted to her by her melancholy; it was so deep, and seemed so out of place in having settled upon one of her kindly nature and plump and wholesome face, still of the hue of a peach that has well begun its ripening. She fascinated me so that I poured out upon her a devotion that was almost reverence. I shall not enlarge upon my folly. I certainly will not say that I regret it, either, because it is good for a man to set up a high ideal and try to lift himself up to it. Boyish mistakes of that sort do not sear true hearts. They serve to develop our best instincts. Always, wherever I went and whatever I did, the most practical and commonplace things took on some of the color of romance in my sentimental view, and never, perhaps, have I had such a rich field for the play of my romantic tendencies as in that household.

M. Korolenko was tall, of slender body, with a patrician face and a fine round head wreathed with iron-gray ringlets—a Frenchman in mind, tastes and looks, and never was Frenchman more nervous than he. The creaking of a floor-board, the snapping of a piece of overheated furniture or the rattle of a window would cause him to turn and stare at nothing, as if he expected to see a ghost. Two or three times I dropped a book or my penknife simply to see him leap from his chair like one who has been hit by a bullet. Some mysterious influence was evidently upon both father and daughter—upon the household, I had almost said—but Madame Korolenko kept apart from it, calm and placid, with her alternative spells of knitting and of dozing.

I used to sit through many an evening in their little parlor, talking to the father on forbidden topics—quoting Washington, Jefferson and Webster, and analyzing the laws which make our land and England the freest countries in the world. I felt safe in talking of these things in that house, though I would not have you think me such a fool as to do so elsewhere in Russia, where the people may not discuss the commonest aspirations of the human soul while the works of the great leaders of progress are outlawed and where even the walls have ears as surely as the doors have keyholes.

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Even with Nicolas Korolenko I never criticised Russia or compared it with other countries, and he—if he had been conscious that the Minister of Police was hidden under the sofa he could not have been more circumspect. Fear had so developed caution in the man that he merely asked questions in a low tone, and sat and listened to my replies, rocking to and fro with his hands clasping one upraised knee, while Mariushka (so her parents called her) served or gave us tea in glasses, with a bit of lemon in it. If, raised my voice she said, "Pliss be more quite," in her pretty, self-taught, bookish English.

I was another Othello. I talked to the father only to interest the daughter, and to watch her and read the emotions that came and went in the soft light of her blue eyes and the movements of her rich red lips. When she spoke to me it was never of politics or learning, but always of music or painting, or of the sights I should see in the capital. We were often left quite alone together, and so it came about that we had our first difference, which seemed quite unaccountable at the time. I knew she was by nature spirited and ardent, and yet when I told her of my deep regard for her she was as cold as marble. She allowed me to take her hand—she even suffered me to imprint a kiss upon it—yet she remained mute and appeared as unconcerned as if she had been a wax automaton. I came to think afterward that this was because she was acting for others, against her will and conscience, but at the time I felt angry as well as deeply hurt.

"I seem to have suddenly robbed you of speech and emotion," I said. "You do not bid me desist, but I will do so. I will not force my devotion where it is not wanted. Can you not speak? I assure you I had no intention of causing you such a deadening shock. If I ever come here again it will be to see your father."

"[illegible]" said she in a sad tone, "but do not try to understand me."

The next time I visited the Korolenkos Marianna showed a wholly different character. "You will say no more of your feelings till I bid you speak?" she asked me at the door. "I have your promise? Then I am happy again." And she laughed and frolicked about, and lighted my cigarettes, and even stood at one time with her dimpled hand on my shoulder, watching me sketch an American buggy, a New York policeman and a bit of the Elevated Railway.

On that night I went to bed late, and must have slept more heavily than usual, yet something woke me, broad awake, at two o'clock in the morning. I fancied that some one was in my bedroom. There was by the head of my bed a little cabinet, and on that I kept a patent pocket-lighter—a thing the size of a matchbox, containing a tiny oil lamp and an arrangement for lighting it by means of percussion caps, one of which exploded whenever the spring of the box was pressed.

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Quick as thought I reached out an arm, seized the box and lighted the little lamp. Then I slipped out upon the floor and tried to scan the room, but almost at the same moment the figure of a man arose from a crouching posture before me and blew out the lamp. I saw his face plainly as he did so. Then he flung me back upon the bed and darted out of the door. I ran after him, along three halls that took me from the back to the front of the great building, but I saw nobody, and when I looked over the balusters down upon the office floor there sat the porter fast asleep in his chair, with the street door wide open before him, showing that my assailant had gone farther than I could pursue him in my sleeping apparel.

Returning to my room, I found my trunk open and everything stirred up in it as if with a gigantic spoon. Nothing had been stolen. I had heard that the police search the visitors' rooms in the hotels either when the occupants are away or when they are asleep, and I felt sure that I had been the victim of one of these visitations. My conscience was clear. Having nothing to hide or to fear, I fell asleep, thinking myself very clever and the Russians equally clumsy.

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On the night of that day I went to the Korolenkos, and, mounting the stairs to their flat, was about to knock when I heard the voices of two men I had never met in my life there except Nicolas, the father of Marianna. I listened. They were speaking French.

"Why didn't you search his clothes?" Nicolas asked.

"He awoke," said the other man; "there would have been an uproar."

"Are you not a man as well as he?" I heard Marianna say—my gentle Marianna. "His life is no better than yours, and yours now remains in the same danger as before."

"I would have killed him, then his body would have betrayed me, and made what I wanted of no use," said the voice of the strange man.

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I gave no thought to these words at the time; indeed, I was ashamed of having listened to them. I knocked on the door. There was instant silence within, and after some delay I was ushered in by Marianna. She was alone in the parlor. We sat down and talked with great difficulty, but not on my account, for I was glib enough. It was she who was ill at ease. All of a sudden, while I was telling her how curious it seemed to see life-preservers and coils of rope at the street corners by the canals of St. Petersburg, she turned to me with a kindling of fire in her eyes and asked me if I still retained a feeling of friendship for her.

"You have two hearts in your breast," I said; "mine and the one you keep from me."

"And you will prove your sincerity?" she asked eagerly. "You will do anything I ask of you?"

"More than you could dream of asking," I replied.

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"Then lend me your American passport," she said. "Lend it to me for a week only—to save a man's life—my—my brother's life. He is suspected of treason and is hunted like a dog. He must flee in twenty-four hours or be sent to Siberia. Will you do as much as that?"

"A friend said these very impressive words to me yesterday," I replied: "'The Russian Government, if you displease it, will tear up your passport, no matter from what country you hail. Then you had better be dead. You will

AS I PULLED HER BACK ONE SHAFT OF THE DROSCHKY GRAZED HER OTHER SHOULDER

not be allowed to visit, or send to or communicate with your Minister. You will be hurried to Siberia, there to endure a living death.'"

"Oh, but you shall have it again in a week," she pleaded. "It will not be asked for unless you change your hotel, and—oh, kind friend, it will save my poor brother from that living death of which you speak. But, of course, if you do not trust me or—or—care for me it is useless to ask so great a favor."

In a word, she overthrew my prudence, and I gave her the passport. I hoped that she did not see the shudder which passed over me as I parted with the paper and realized what must be the terror of my position should I be asked for it before I had it back again.

"It will not be asked for unless you move or go upon a journey," she said.

"I rely on your promise that I shall have it again in a week," I replied.

"You are a noble gentleman," she answered, though without much spirit, I thought. "I will never forget your courage nor your friendship," she added, "though you really run scarcely any risk, because in four days this paper will be mailed to you from Stockholm."

"And now may I speak of my love?"

"No, no; please don't!" she cried as if in alarm; "I have no thoughts at such a time except for my brother."

That was not a very gratifying situation for an ardent lover, yet it was the nearest approach to love-making that I ever enjoyed during my acquaintance with Marianna.

On the seventh night after that, harried by anxiety for the return of my passport, I made my customary daily call upon the Korolenkos. And now I found seated in the room with Marianna an individual whose face was that of a man whom I had often seen lounging on the street nearby, and who had always moved briskly away whenever he had seen me approaching.

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I felt impelled to await his departure, and while I lingered I developed an intense anger toward him because I fancied that he meant to insult me. He not only kept his back to me while he talked with Marianna, but he whispered to her—as if she was his *inamorata* rather than mine. You see by my account that I am of a very jealous nature. I cannot deny it. I am neither more nor less than what Fate has made me.

The man's conduct set me on fire. I cleared my throat loudly, but he merely turned and looked at me, somewhat impudently, and went on with his whispering.

"Perhaps if I could speak to you for a moment," I said to Marianna, "I might take my leave without further intruding upon your tête-à-tête with that person."

"Repeat that to me in French or German," the man said to me in a tone of command. "I do not understand Englishky."

"You do not understand a number of things," I replied in French, "and one of them is good manners."

"Ah!" he exclaimed with biting scorn, "but I understand you. You have come for your passport, but it is not my pleasure to allow it to hasten the escape of this woman's husband. You thought he was her brother, eh? Well, all is fair among Nihilists, is it not? It is not my pleasure—do you hear me?—to let this woman's husband use your passport and get away until he or she gives me the names of all the Nihilists in their group. Her husband is still here, hiding in the house. Woman, call your husband quickly."

She crept to the door with hanging head, and presently reappeared with—the very man whose face I had seen as he blew out my lamp in my bedroom.

"Wicked creature!" I cried to Marianna. "You shameless one!"

The man of authority bade the husband produce my passport from his pocket.

"Look at it," he said to me; "you will never enjoy the sight of it again."

Acting upon blind impulse, which moved me as quickly as lightning in my salad days, I whipped out my revolver and covered the man who thus tantalized me.

"Give me my passport," I shouted, "or I will kill you."

—from behind the door stepped the detective from whom I was fleeing

"Idiot!" exclaimed Marianna. "Now, whatever you do, you will be sent to Siberia. This is a high officer of the police."

"I will never see Siberia," I said, dropping my revolver; "but as your husband said to you, when you regretted his having spared my life, 'If I kill this man his body will betray me.'"

"I will look after you to-morrow," said the official, as I turned and walked out of the door.

Under ordinary circumstances I would have gone to the United States Minister's, but I had been there that very day and had learned that the Minister and the Charge d'Affaires had both gone to the country to stay over Saturday and Sunday. I ran to my hotel, and, taking upon my person every pocketable thing I possessed which could be turned into money, went out into the streets with the idea of buying the clothes of a moujik or hiding as best I could until Monday.

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Suddenly I came upon the station of the Moscow Railway, and my plans changed at the sight of it, for it flashed upon me that at the second station lived a jolly Russian named Tobayedoff, with whom I had journeyed all the way from Hamburg only a few weeks before when on my way to Russia. He had invited me to visit him, and I thought that by doing so I could gain a few days in which I might communicate with the American Minister. I found that the first train to my friend's place would start at eight o'clock in the morning, so that I had nearly nine hours before me—of hiding, of fighting off death by freezing, and of dodging the police.

I will not dwell upon the terrors of that night, which I spent mainly in the vestibule of a church behind a door that had been left unlocked. In what seemed an eternity of time eight o'clock came and found me on the railway train, from the end of which I leaped when it was half a mile from my friend's place in order not to be asked for my passport at the station.

I had no difficulty in finding M. Tobayedoff's house, which was the grandest one in the place, but at the front door I was told that he was sleeping and would not rise until eleven o'clock, some two hours later. Leaving my card and saying that I would return, I turned to leave the place when the outer door of the front vestibule was pushed shut before me, and from behind it stepped the detective from whom I was fleeing.

"Good morning," he said in French. "Now what do you intend to do?"

"To awaken my friend who lives here," I replied, turning to ring the doorbell again.

"No," said the detective, restraining me with a firm yet not ungentle hand upon my shoulder, "that would be inconsiderate, and, besides, there is no necessity for it. Let us go and breakfast together and then return, and if you allow me to see you enter this house I shall not interfere with your visit. All that I care is to know where you are."

With a sunken heart I accompanied him back to the village and to the restaurant in the railway station. I knew that I was netted sure and fast. I determined to persist in my original plan, but I saw that the length of my visit with my friend was to be dependent upon the whim of my captor.

My friend welcomed me enthusiastically, and entertained me as I imagine a wealthy Lord would play the part of host to a Duke. The weather was so vile that we were obliged to remain indoors, but with billiards, music and some rustic performances which he ordered of his many servants three days and nights passed most pleasantly. I had intended to pour my troubles into his ear at the first opportunity, yet when a Heaven-sent chance occurred I remained silent, for it flashed upon me that, in coming to him while I was being hunted as a Nihilist, I might be doing him a terrible injury.

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The Heaven-sent chance to unbosom myself came about in this way: On the second morning he was called away for a couple of hours, and to kill time for me he conducted me to his private library, where he said he must ask leave to lock me in, as he had never dared to allow his servants to know that the room contained any books. The room in question was wainscoted with English oak, but every panel yielded to his skilled touch and opened to disclose shelves full of books behind it. I discovered by the titles that all the volumes were treasonous—that I was face to face with a great Nihilistic library. To say that I was paralyzed with surprise would scarcely be an exaggeration. I temporarily forgot my own plight in the consciousness of my friend's folly and danger.

When he returned and let himself in with his key he said:

"You have not taken down a single book."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

"Never mind how, but I do know it," he replied with a light laugh, adding: "Tell me why?"

Then I poured out to him such a torrent of advice, caution and reproof as to even astonish myself. When he attempted to defend himself by aspersing his Government I replied that he was not in a position to find as much fault with his Government as it could find with a man who spent his time plotting against it. I said that in his place, with his standing and wealth, I would rather set a good example openly than to plot myself in secret as the misguided Nihilists do.

He expressed the keenest surprise that an American should show so little sympathy with what he called the "freedom-loving brotherhood," and said that his mistake had resulted in putting his liberty in my keeping. I was deeply hurt by his suspicion that I could betray him, and I told him so. I might have exchanged my secret with his, but I thought it more manly to wait and to hope for a better way to win his assistance.

On the third night, over our coffee, suddenly turning, he said: "I must leave here to-morrow for a week of business in St. Petersburg. Will you not, at this last opportunity, clear your breast of your troubles?"

—whom I at once recognized as the detective who was pursuing me, though he was disguised with false whiskers and a servant's livery

"My troubles?" I repeated in surprise.

"Yes, your heart is bowed down with some misery, or your brain is beset with some great perplexity," he said. "You have not been for an instant the same happy, careless fellow who traveled with me from Germany. On my oath, you have no better friend than I will prove myself to you. Will you unbosom your secret to me?"

"Yes, I will," said I. "I am in great trouble—greater than you imagine or perhaps will like to hear, but I will tell it to you."

"Wait a moment, then," he said, "until I ring for cigars."

He rang, and there came into the room with the cigars a waiter whom I at once recognized as the detective who was pursuing me, though he was disguised with false whiskers and a servant's livery.

"Wait in the room," said M. Tobayedoff to the man. Then to me he said: "You do not need to mind him."

"Do you know him?" I asked. "He is not your servant. He is a detective who has pursued me here and is waiting to arrest me."

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"Be calm. Do not expose yourself," said my host. "Of course I know very well who and what he is. I am helpless, believe me. You see, now, under what rule we live. This man represents a Government which rules by terror. He has told me that I must allow him to assume the disguise of a servant that he may keep an eye upon you. I am powerless in my own house. My only hope was that you would not discover his identity."

"Has he told you of what I am suspected?"

"In a way he has," my host replied.

"Well, I will tell you the whole truth," said I, "and if by doing as I have done I may have brought you in any danger, or under any suspicion, I beg you to believe that it has been wholly through thoughtlessness." Then I told him my story, omitting no detail.

"I am positive he speaks the truth," my host said, turning to the detective and speaking in an aggressive tone that surprised me.

"He has not lied," the detective replied—in English, which he had told me (at the Korolenkos') he did not understand.

"Then," said M. Tobayedoff, "you have behaved like a hound. You knew that this American committed no other offense than to yield to the wiles of a beautiful and unprincipled woman, out of gallantry and without knowledge of her character or associations. Instead of warning him and handing back his passport, you dangled it before him and taunted him with his helplessness and your intention to misuse your power over him. He was thus led to commit the grave offense of threatening your life—an act which I excuse under the circumstances, though another might order him to be punished for it. At this you lost your temper and added revenge to your motives for abusing your power over him. You have brought shame on the secret police. Your many feats of daring and skill shall weigh but little in your favor, for I tell you now I mean to degrade you to the rank at which you began your service. Go, sir; and report my sentence upon you at St. Petersburg."

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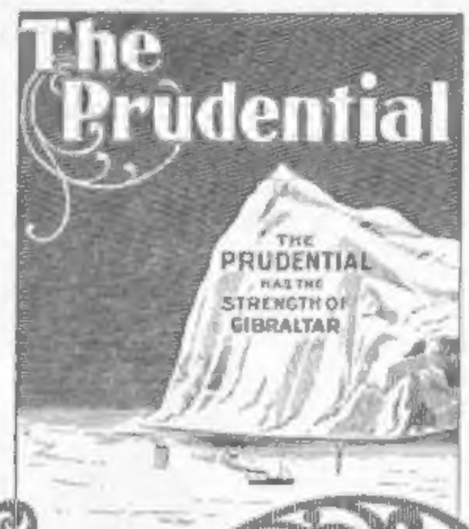
The man bowed and crept out of the room.

"Now, my friend," said my host to me, "you are free. You will find your passport at your hotel when we go to town to-morrow."

"In Heaven's name," said I, "who are you?"

"Your friend, M. Tobayedoff," he said with a comical bow, "Chief of the Secret Police. People call me 'the devil' and 'the man more to be feared than twenty tigers,' but you will not think of me so, will you? When you came to me, had you been guilty you would have been walking right into a trap. From the moment you came you have been on trial. Hundreds of questions I have asked you, and leading remarks I have put you have been—like the two hours spent in the library, which I bait with mystery and Nihilistic books—all parts of your trial. Mark, now, dear chap, how like Daniel you are, for you have been in the lion's den and yet you are unscathed."



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ARTEMUS WARD, SHOWMAN

By EDWARD S. ELLIS

I NEVER met a man with a more charming personality than Charles F. Browne, who a generation or more ago was known to an admiring public as "Artemus Ward, Showman."

At the time he was adding to his fame as the foremost of quaint and humorous writers by his lectures throughout the country, I inquired of him by letter whether his arrangements would permit him to stop in Trenton, New Jersey, where I was then living, and give us one of his addresses. He replied in the affirmative, named the train by which he would arrive, and told me I had only to select the handsomest man on the platform as himself, while he presumed he would have to do the opposite to identify me. The suggestion was hardly followed to the letter, but we had no difficulty in recognizing each other.

The syndicate that invited Browne to Trenton was composed of three young men, of whom I was one. Browne had named $40 as the remuneration he expected, and on the way to the hotel I handed him an envelope containing that sum. He declined it with the remark that he would wait to see how we came out, for he could not consent that three men with such a marvelous faith as we had shown should suffer therefrom.

It happened that the night was unfavorable, and the audience in consequence was very small. After the lecture, when I again pressed upon Browne the honorarium promised, he insisted that I should let him know all the expenses we had incurred and the sum total of the receipts. When I had done so, he refused to accept more than $25.

Like most humorists, Artemus Ward was an inveterate practical joker, sometimes at the risk of unpleasant personal consequences to himself. When riding in a carriage with a congenial companion through Maine he acted the part of an escaped lunatic in charge of his keeper. Browne was as firm a believer in doing a thing thoroughly as was the new member of the minstrel troupe who invariably rubbed burnt cork over every part of his body before going upon the stage. He had a rope around his neck, and when led through a town to the hotel made frantic attempts to break away from his keeper, whooped and danced, and sent the sympathizing crowd scampering to cover when with a wild shout he plunged toward them and seemed on the point of breaking loose.

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PLAYING IT "LOW DOWN" ON A FRIEND

At one of the charming towns in the same State the two decided to remain for a day and night. Laying aside his character of a crazy man, Browne confidentially informed those with whom he came in contact, and they were numerous, that his companion was a famous pugilist whose name was then of public interest, that he had just completed a course of severe training, and was on his way to England to battle for the international championship. The gentleman referred to could not understand why he was the object of so much personal admiration until some words that he overheard gave him the clew.

By and by Browne intimated in his offhand way that his friend, who would undoubtedly win the championship of the world, was one of the most generous of men, and was not averse to giving an entertainment in the town hall provided the proceeds were devoted to some charitable object. The village folk were delighted. Browne wrote out "copy" for a flaming poster, which was set up at the country printing-office, printed and posted on every spare space available before the close of the afternoon. Browne insisted that the poster should be ornamented with a picture of some sort. It needn't necessarily represent two men in a pugilistic attitude: anything would serve, provided it was a work of art. The best the printer could do was to display a representation of a cow and a calf with which he was accustomed to illuminate his placards advertising sales of the farmers.

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When Browne had furnished the copy he supposed his work was done, and he calmly awaited results. Unsuspected by him, his friend, who was shadowing him, slipped into the office and changed the copy so that the full name of Charles Farrar Browne appeared as the proper one of the great pugilist, who, having attained so much success as a "comic writer and lecturer," was now quite willing to make his identity known to his esteemed fellow-citizens of his native State.

The poster announced that the notable pugilist would meet all comers and pay $1000 in gold to any one whom he could not vanquish in four rounds. The tempting offer brought many aspirants forward, but the universal hopes centred upon a brawny young blacksmith, who, had the opportunity presented, would have made short work of both the humorists. Needless to say, that when the doors of the hall were opened and there was scarcely standing-room left in the building the two authors were miles away, wondering as their horse jogged along in the moonlight how matters were going in town.

The personality of the showman, bald-headed, middle-aged, somewhat corpulent, who indignantly refused to surrender his sixteen-dollar watch to the clerk of the hotel, well knowing the latter had plotted to set fire to the building so as to secure the timepiece in the confusion, was so indelibly impressed upon the public that curious results sometimes followed.

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HIS MOST RESPONSIVE AUDIENCE

"One night," said Browne, "I was late in getting to the hall in Troy, New York. As I went upon the platform and stepped to the desk to begin I noticed a large fat man seated in front with his eyes fixed on me. Just as I opened my mouth he burst into uproarious laughter which was so infectious that a score joined him. I waited until it subsided, and then started, but had not said half a dozen words when he exploded again. Within a minute I believe every person in the hall was laughing irrestrainably. I was embarrassed, suspecting something was the matter with my cravat, collar or clothing, but a glance downward and a nervous fumbling showed they were all right. And then I began laughing, and for a time the audience and myself gave way to mirth without a sentence having been uttered. By and by something like quiet was restored, and I proceeded, but that was the most responsive audience I ever met. At the close the corpulent gentleman to whom I have alluded introduced himself and explained.

"'While we were waiting for you,' he said, 'I got to thinking of the experiences of "A. Ward, Showman." I saw him so vividly that when you stepped upon the platform and I realized that you were the genuine, original A. Ward, I could hold in no longer, and I reckon it was the same with the others?'"

When a gentleman in San Francisco who wished to engage Browne to deliver forty lectures along the Pacific coast, telegraphed, asking him what he would take, he replied, "Brandy and water," and made the recipient of the telegram pay the cost. Accounts published of some of his doings show that more than once he narrowly escaped personal violence on account of this fondness for practical joking.

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A JOKE THAT BROUGHT TEARS

It was after the war had begun that he referred in one of his lectures to the peculiar "fortes" of public men. Of Washington he said his forte was not to have any public men of the present time resemble him to an alarming extent. It was about the time that General Pillow had been compelled to give up or flee from Fort Donelson. After mentioning several prominent men, the speaker said: "The forte of General Pillow is—but no; he hasn't any; it was taken from him."

Browne told me once, when he made this remark in the West, he saw a lady in the audience break into tears. Upon inquiring the cause, he learned that her only son was killed at Fort Donelson. Never after that did he make any allusions that could possibly wound a heart among his listeners.

Once when I was laughing over his unique spelling, he said:

"I am going to quit it; if what I write must depend upon bad spelling, it doesn't deserve to live."

"It is not merely bad spelling," I replied, "but witty spelling; you will make a mistake if you give up that in which alone you are master."

He persisted, gradually dropping his queer orthography until toward the end it was faultless. I am still convinced that it was a mistake on his part, for it was one of the most original and attractive of garments, which though but a garment was to a certain extent a factor itself.

Charles F. Browne died in England. His frail frame was unable to stand the drafts made upon it, for he was fond of lively company, and not always careful in his habits. He never married, but was devotedly attached to his mother, to whom he left the moderate fortune he acquired by his writings and lectures. Browne was a genial, kind-hearted genius, who in adding to the sunshine of existence did his part toward making others happy.

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The BOOKS of the Week

A Texas Ranger, by N. A. Jennings.

In the Klondike, by Frederick Palmer.

On the South African Frontier, by William Harvey Brown. *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

Here are three books that are akin in subject, for they all treat of adventures on the very outposts of civilization; but they are so different in treatment that the relationship on close inspection almost vanishes.

Mr. Jennings' story describes the suppression of outlawry in Southwestern Texas; Mr. Palmer tells of the gold seekers in the Klondike, and Mr. Brown takes his readers to the South African frontier, where the marvelous Cecil Rhodes has added another empire to the possessions of the English crown.

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The writers of the books are all young Americans of a healthy, wholesome sort, and the narratives are as becomingly modest as such can be when the story teller is himself the hero of his yarn. Each writer was inspired, not to write, but to see that of which he speaks, primarily by a love of adventure; the secondary motives, however, were quite different. Mr. Jennings became a Texas Ranger because he was "down in his luck" and there seemed nothing else at the moment open to him; Mr. Palmer braved the dangers of the Alaskan wilds as a newspaper reporter, and to tell about the happenings in that new and difficult Eldorado; Mr. Brown went to Africa as a scientist in the employ of the Smithsonian Institution and stayed there for seven years on account of personal interests acquired.

Of these stories Mr. Jennings' is the most thrilling, Mr. Brown's the most valuable, and Mr. Palmer's the most tame. Subject and opportunity, to be sure, have much to do in determining for an author whether his work is readable or not. Whether one of these subjects was better than the others I cannot say, but there is one surprising thing in comparing the results—the two amateurs not only write better than the professional, but they make more interesting books, packing them fuller of the facts which, telling on first presentation, abide with us permanently.

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It is a curious fact about amateur bookmakers that so many of them succeed in being interesting at the first attempt. Is it not probably due to the fact that the amateur makes a book when he has something to say, while the professional says things because it is his business to do so?

Even in the early history of this country there was not a more persistent resistance to the discipline of civilization and the maintenance of law and order than was found in the southwestern part of Texas from 1870 to 1880. There law breakers from all parts of the country took refuge and banded themselves together for theft, arson and murder.

Besides these desperadoes, Mexican bandits crossed the Rio Grande and drove off the cattle of the Americans, after burning their houses and frequently murdering the inmates. The local authorities were terrorized, and the soldiers of the United States Army, by reason of the timid and hesitating orders from Washington, were incapable. To suppress these disorders Texas organized several troops of rangers, and it is the story of one of these troops that Mr. Jennings tells. And he tells it well. No dime novel of the Indian fighting era was ever more thrilling or moved from incident to incident with greater rapidity. This, however, is a true tale; a tale which need not now be told again, for the desperadoes of Texas have been suppressed, and life is as safe there to-day as in any other State in the Union.

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When we go to the Klondike with Mr. Palmer, and we can take the journey much more comfortably by turning the pages of his book than by any method of travel yet devised, we cannot help wondering whether the gold which is undoubtedly plentiful in that region is worth the pain that it costs to get it.

He tells us that the passion for hunting gold, like rheumatism, gets into the blood and the bone of him who once makes a strike, and that thereafter to be even approximately happy he must always be a prospector. To such the Klondike is undoubtedly well worth while, for "color" can always be found in that land of inhospitable climate, and "color" holds the promise to the heart even though it break it to the hope. The stories, however, that he tells of the unending hardship, of the suffering, the madness and the death of these adventurers are forceful reminders to those of us who stay at home of the valuable comforts which we take so much as a matter of course that we even fail to be grateful for them.

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In that region, too, where the winter lasts for nine months and the summer is gone almost with its beginning, another process of nature is quickened. That trial of men from which only the fittest survive is rapid quite beyond calculation. It is no place for weaklings; rarely can they get to the diggings; arrived there it is next to impossible for them to live in the way that men have lived during the past few years. To be sure it will be different after a while and a summer trip to Dawson will be counted only a pleasant vacation. It is never, however, likely to become a favorite winter resort.

An author of a book for general reading who confesses that he is a scientist somewhat arouses our suspicions, for we usually prefer to take instruction as such and not have it placed before us under another guise. Mr. Brown's book about South Africa starts with this handicap, but he carries it easily, and we have not gone many pages in it before we discover that the writer is a healthy young fellow with his heart as much in the sports and the adventures of a wild frontier as in the specimens which it is his serious business to collect.

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He did collect specimens of the animals and the plants of the sections he visited, and he gathered data of the country through which he passed. The specimens he sent duly to the Smithsonian Institution and the data he records in his book. I daresay, however, that the majority of his readers will care less for the information given than for the stories told. These are good stories. They are full of the out-of-doors life of brave and healthy men, of pioneers who penetrated in advance of civilization hundreds of miles into the interior of that vast section which is now called Rhodesia.

In this company Mr. Brown was only one of several Americans, and he records with modest pride that his compatriots were always equal to their duty, even though they were adventurers serving under a foreign flag. In this company were Doctor Jameson and several others of Cecil Rhodes' lieutenants, who met their temporary downfall when old Father Krüger called out his sharpshooters several years ago.

Mr. Brown, who had seen life in the Rocky Mountains and what was our own frontier before all our frontiers were eliminated, shows us how differently they did things in South Africa. And he believes that we not only rope and brand a steer much more skillfully, but also cut down a tree with greater neatness and dispatch.

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The book is also illustrated with pictures which show the pioneers in the march and in battle, the natives in their native costumes, or rather lack of costumes, and some of the most interesting scenery in that land where diamonds are found and gold is to be had for the digging if only one knows where to dig.

—*Jno. Gilmer Speed.*

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PEOPLE I ADMIRE IN SOCIETY

The Woman Who Disliked Snobs

By G. S. STREET

EVERYBODY knows that there are no snobs left in England. Thackeray laughed all that out of existence, and now people marvel, when they read his books, at the incomprehensible snobbery of their ancestors. Titles are at a discount, and, in fact, I am inclined sometimes to think that we are a little hard on their possessors, requiring of them more humility and more absolute commonplaceness of demeanor than can be justly expected of ordinary mortals.

It is true that we sometimes appear to give rich men a measure of respect not entirely accounted for by their intellectual, moral or social qualities, but that is not because we worship wealth as such, but because we value the determination and skill which have enabled its possessors to get or to keep it, as the case may be.

And we are certainly free, as a nation, from snobbery of intellect. It is admitted, then, on all sides, that snobs are extinct in England. Nevertheless, it is refreshing to meet so thorough and energetic an anti-snob as Mrs. Howard Boxer. She does not think that the attitude is superfluous. Snobbery may be dead, but Mrs. Howard Boxer stands prepared, as it were, to stamp on it should it show its head.

That, however, is not quite her view; she suspects a good many people (myself included) of being secret snobs, and therefore wishes to crush this disease hidden in our bosoms. She is mistaken, I am sure; but one admires her thoroughness all the same.

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Her methods vary. Sometimes she points out (as Thackeray himself used) that Dukes and the like are but ordinary men, and proceeds to enumerate instances personally known to her in which they have unfortunately failed to attain to that modest degree of merit. Sometimes she tries raillery, and exposes the results to which, logically, our supposed snobbish instincts would lead. Her husband is often her butt on these occasions.

"We met the Duke of X. to-day in Piccadilly," I have heard her say, "and I really believe poor Howard was quite pleased to be seen talking to him. Isn't it absurd?"

I think she does her husband an injustice, for he is a very modest man, and I have never heard him refer to the Duke of X., but Mrs. Boxer knows him better than I.

By the way, her husband's full name is Joshua Howard Boxer, but his wife always calls him Howard. She is influenced, I presume, by the touching associations of the name in this case: Boxer's mother's uncle used to be tutor in a family called Howard, and they were very kind to him, and so she (Boxer's mother) called her first child Howard to show her uncle's gratitude, since he had no son of his own.

I have this interesting fact from Boxer himself, who laughs at it, but I think his wife's recognition of the affecting tie with the Howards is the more graceful part. His father, a self-made man, insisted on his being called Joshua instead of Baron, as his mother wished—very snobbishly, Mrs. Howard Boxer remarked, when he told the story.

The fact that Mrs. Howard Boxer knows a large number of people with titles gives her many opportunities of prosecuting her crusade against snobbery. Boxer is very rich, and they give a great many dinner parties, and in discussing her guests Mrs. Boxer is anxious to impress on me that in forming my opinion of them I must disregard their titles. It is a little tedious to be continually reminded of people's titles—but I recognize and admire Mrs. Boxer's spirit.

The aforementioned Duke of X. is a case in point. He failed on one occasion to call after dining with the Boxers. Mrs. Boxer was very severe on him, and I think unnecessarily, because the attention is not expected in these days from busy men, and the Duke of X. works eight hours a day in the city. But she was very firm, indeed. "The Duke of X.," she said, "must learn that I care nothing for his silly title. To me a Duke is no more than any other gentleman, and I have no idea of allowing him to be rude to me."

Mrs. Howard Boxer makes great fun of the rules of the peerage. She will say, "There's dear Lady W., who's a very old friend of mine; well, she's a Countess in her own right, and her husband is plain Mr. Z. But, of course, his eldest son is Lord Y., the second title in the family. Isn't it funny? Then there's Lady A.—my dearest friend, almost; she married Mr. B., who was at Eton with Howard, after Lord A. died, and, of course, she keeps her title. I can quite understand people not in our set being confused; I wonder how you can remember."

The fact that all these people are her intimate friends makes her remarks interesting.

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I think Mrs. Howard Boxer deserves more credit than most people for her hatred of snobbery, because her friends mostly have titles, and since I have known her she has hardly made a new friend who has not either a title or a connection with one.

It is an accident, of course, which surprises even herself; she was lately on some charitable committee of which she was the only commoner, and I have heard her mention this circumstance—she was so struck by its oddity—to several old friends.

An advantage of her attitude is that she herself is entirely free from any imputation of snobbery; actions done for quite other—and the very best—reasons, such as dropping certain old acquaintances of her youth, or declining to know certain other people, accidentally of humble position—actions which uncharitable people might call snobbish in other cases, are, of course, understood to be nothing of the kind in hers.

The only drawback to her zeal is, as I have intimated, that she seldom talks about any other subject than the absurdities and meannesses of snobbery, illustrated from her observations of other people's attitude to her own friends in the peerage. But all true enthusiasms have dignity, and it is a comfort to think that, should one ever show a tendency to be a snob, Mrs. Howard Boxer would most promptly crush it.

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